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THE

MATCHMAKER.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"COUSIN GEOFFREY," AND "THE MARRYING MAN."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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THE MATCHMAKER.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"It stood embosomed in a happy valley,
Crown'd by high woodlands, where the Druid oak
Stood, like Caractacus, in act to rally
His host with broad arms 'gainst the thunder stroke;
And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally
The dappled foresters; as day awoke,
The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
To quaff a brook which murmured like a bird."

BYRON.

Lindsay Hall was the perfection of an English gentleman's country-seat. It was a gothic building, very large, and of a rare and very dark-coloured brickwork. In former times it had been a favourite retreat of one of our kings, and many singular old legends were connected with many of its curious chambers,

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It was a delightful mixture of interesting antiquity and modern elegance. There were so many chambers, and windings, and corridors, that you could easily lose yourself in the house, and it required a residence of some time to know it well.

When it came into Mr. Lindsay's hands, it was much out of repair; it had been possessed by several generations of his family, and it had been his earliest ambition, when, as a boy, he had spent a vacation with an old miserly cousin there, if ever he were rich, to purchase it of a relative who attached but little value to it, and to restore it to all its former beauty. The dream of his boyhood (strange to say) was realised, and Lindsay Hall was converted from a ruin, into one of the most beautiful abodes of a country so famous for her country-seats. But this had not been done by pulling down old arches, time-worn hall and towers, destroying quaint stone-work, moss-grown tracery, oak wainscotings, and painted, or fretted ceilings. Mr. Lindsay's great object had been to *restore*; this done—

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and what cannot be done by English masons, builders, and decorators (and done to perfection too)—all he permitted himself was to introduce into the interior, and into the beautiful grounds, all the costly inventions of modern luxury, but taking care, as much as possible, to give an outward appearance in keeping with the gothic abode.

The chairs and the sofas were of the quaint shape of the olden time, when lounging was unknown, but luxurious as eider-down and spring and air cushions could make them. The carpets were of the patterns our industrious fore-mothers dreamt away their lives in working, but soft to the tread as the velvet pile of these days. The windows of stained glass were restored, and the sun came as brightly through them, upon the soft Grecian braids and long ringlets of Augusta and Ellen, as it had done of yore on the quaint Anna Boleyn head-gear of velvet and pearls, or King Charles's crops, or the powdered *toupées* of the beauties who had passed away. Perhaps, too, the scriptural subjects of the windows,

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and the varied hues of the glass, as they were reflected on the fretted roofs or oaken wainscots, had had the same soft yet half mournful influence on the fancy of some fair, fond girl (now dust), which they had on that of the pensive Ellen.

While her mind took a sort of tone from the tints she gazed through, a feeling of desolation and a thought of cold and distant regions, where winter reigned for aye, and where no warm heart would welcome her, forced itself on her fancy if she viewed the landscape around through the blue or green panes; and warm visions of love and summer, and kind hearts, and ripening suns, made her heart glad, if she gazed on it through the red, the yellow, or the orange-tinted glass. Then the clear, common, white glass, introduced here and there, caused another change — there she beheld the country as it really was, partaking a little of the cold dreariness of the one, a little of the warm glow of the other; and then she returned to the latter, for, though aware of the deception, we like to be deceived. Who

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does not cherish some sweet illusion? who does not find "the cold reality too real?"

It was strange and yet pleasing to see modern beauties looking out of the gothic, ivy-wreathed windows; to hear modern airs waking the echoes of the old roofs; modern servants, in their gay liveries, lounging in the old hall; and modern equipages gliding beneath the avenues of old oaks, and depositing their gay cargoes at the antique entrance. The grounds were very extensive, and there was a park, with majestic trees, which had seen many generations of men flourish and fade, some flinging their branches aloft, as if wooing the sun, some feathering gracefully down to the green velvet of the sod. There were beautiful deer, with large, loving eyes and towering antlers; there were several rare kinds of goats and sheep placed there to embellish Nature and enjoy life; there were pet sheep, and Capricorn, the sturdy old Cashmere buck, whom Mr. Lindsay had brought from abroad, and whose chief delight was to run after him, and do his best to knock him down.

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A small but diamond-like river flowed through the estate; there were terraces, and a rookery, and a quaint old parterre, surrounded by box and yew trees of immense size, clipped into the shape of birds and beasts. As in old times, this parterre was formally divided into beds, cut into circles, crescents, triangles, ovals, rhomboids, and parallelograms; and each bed contained only flowers of the same hue and name. In the warm weather, a royal-looking macaw clothed in the brightest crimson, and purple, and gold, rivalled the tints of the flowers; and Screech, if he could not compete with him in plumage, tried to outdo him in noise.

This old parterre was a favourite haunt of Ellen's. There were honeysuckle and jasmine bowers all around it for the summer, and laurel and holly ones for the winter—for even in winter this spot was bright and warm.

To this lovely place, then, came our party, from the bustle of London, to spend the Easter vacation, which began towards the

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middle of April. The season was very forward, the weather very warm; the spring flowers, dearest because they brave so much, and gently struggle with winter, and ever conquer him, were in all their fragrant and modest glory. Julian and Augusta scarcely regretted London, as they roamed, hand in hand, through the park, as he rowed her on the river, or as they cantered over the beautiful country, now every where bursting into bloom.

Then there were Easter rejoicings. Mr. Lindsay was much beloved by the poor round about him, and sheep and oxen were roasted, and ale broached, and clothing given away, and a grand ball in the barn; and in all this Ellen took an active part, and tried to counteract the influence of her mother, who hated to see things "given away."

Miss Tibby was pleased to find herself in the country again, although it wasn't like the country in her younger days. "The Hall was na like the Grange, the trees were na gude Scotch pines, nor the flowers bluebells

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and heather; the sun did na shine sae brightly, nor was the air sae pure and bracing; but, for a' that, it was better than toun;" and Miss Tibby, who was a great lady with the curate's wife, Mrs. Smiler, used to walk every day through the park, and go and sit an hour or twa' at the Curacy, talking of the late visit to "toun, and of auld times," and never considering that poor Mrs. Smiler, with six children and a husband, and only one servant and one hundred a year, could ill spare to wile away two good morning hours in gossip with Miss Tibby.

Mr. Grunter was now fairly reposing upon his laurels. He kept up a close correspondence with Fitzcribb, and took in every kind of review and magazine, in hopes of more notices of his book; at any rate, it was advertised in all of them. Mr. Grunter made a slight attempt at renewing his lessons to Annie, but Annie having contrived twice to lose herself in the park, in order to avoid a task now more than ever irksome to her, he made a formal complaint to Mr. Lindsay, and gave

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up the point; and Annie, after having been summoned, scolded, and made to cry, was left in peace — if it were peace to roam away to weep over a recollection of one loved being, to recal every word, look, and tone, and to try to build a Future out of the fragments of the Past.

She had loved Alphonse De Villeneuve, with the wild aimless love of a very young and very inexperienced girl. She had formed no plan, she had never calculated how it was to terminate, or that it must terminate at all. Love threw its golden mist over the landscape of life, and she sought not to look beyond it.

In older or more experienced hearts love seems only a guide to Hymen's temple, and the thought of love and marriage are very properly simultaneous, with the cautious daughters of cautious mammas. There is the virtue of Innocence, and the virtue of Experience. The former loves, and thinks of nothing beyond the all-sufficient delight of loving — young Eden of the heart! — the Eden before sin had glided beneath the dewy flowers;

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and this Love is pure, pure as Eve, bending over her first mirror, and enamoured of her own loveliness. To such, Love, in its first pure worship, the thought of houses and settlements, and wedlock, never comes; and yet this first offering of the heart is pure as the first snowdrop that heralds in the spring. In her early and almost child-like ignorance, the young girl loves him, who never hints at marriage, but what is extreme innocence in the dawn of life, would cease to be so when the rosy veil is withdrawn, and she looks at life, knowing what life is.

As yet Annie was guiltless of such bitter knowledge. De Villeneuve had half promised to contrive to write to her, and on that hope (languidly dropped by him, to quiet her dangerous anxiety) her poor heart had anchored, and her time was spent in the feverish expectation, and the wearing disappointment. Then, too, the secrecy she had vowed preyed upon her in her solitude. She roamed about to while away the time after the post had come in, (in vain for her!) and while roaming she

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would fancy that perhaps during her absence a letter might come by some private channel, arrive in her absence, and De Villeneuve's secret be betrayed. Then, wild with fear, she would rush back to the house, to weep over her causeless alarm.

Another time she would feel sure he would come; some dream (false prophet) would tantalize her with an assurance that he would come; and she would dress with all the care of a fond girl, and sit down to watch, (weariest of weary tasks!); then every distant sound of wheels or horses' feet would make her temples throb, her colour change, her heart beat, and the large tears would fill her eyes, and she would wish to die!

Oh, vain and guilty men of the cold world! for the brief amusement of your callous hearts and empty heads, what long, long anguish do you doom to your poor victims!

There was some similarity in the fate of Ellen and Annie, both disappointed in the brightest of hopes, both bankrupts in the richest of treasures — the heart's first Love. But Ellen was strong in principle, and Annie,

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alas, only so in impulse. Annie hoped, and wept, and watched, and would not yield, would not believe she could have loved in vain. Ellen wiped away some natural tears, she prayed for strength, and it was given; she rent her thoughts from Julian, to force them into the channels of duty, charity, and other affections. Ellen was calm, meek, and, if possible, more sweetly kind to all around her; Annie grew fitful, peevish, and idle.

Mr. Lindsay's country neighbours flocked to visit him. There were long morning visits to be paid and received, and long drives to be taken to tedious dinner-parties, or similar entertainments to be given at the Hall.

Ellen forced herself to bear her part in these fatiguing ceremonies with quiet cheerfulness, and redoubled her meek and affectionate attentions to her uncle and all his household.

Julian and Augusta were engrossed by each other, Annie by herself, Miss Tibby by the Past, Mr. Grunter by his literary fame, Mrs. Lindsay by turning her "holiday," as she

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called any time spent away from home, to account. That is, as at the Rectory household, arrangements chiefly engrossed her; away from it, she turned, mended, and remade all her old things, and knitted new stockings for herself and the rector.

Quite satisfied now that Augusta's destiny was decided, she sensibly dwelt only on the real and great advantages of the match. She resolved, with regard to Ellen, to leave it to Time, and the pride and sense which she knew she possessed, to cure the wound she had concealed from others, but, as the French song says, "*On ne trompe ni les yeux ni le cœur d'une mère.*" Augusta, settled, she meant to commence her manœuvres for making Ellen Lady Riskwell, and she had already begun to turn over in her own mind a match between Annie and Mr. Grunter! Then, too, her last accounts from Eugenia, (her daughter in India) were, that her husband, the Judge, was in wretched health; the matchmaker already anticipated her widowhood, and began to think who, among her many London acquaintances, would suit the widow.

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Mr. Grunter had resumed his evening readings, but Rollin was cast aside, and the History of Philosophy, and the Philosophy of History, pompously substituted.

The reading of this august work, by its author, was a fearful penance to the listeners. His eyes, which seemed at once to be able to read and to watch his hearers, gleamed like those of a lion at bay, at the slightest noise, whisper, or disturbance. Mr. Lindsay seemed to share his old usher's view, of the solemn importance of the task, and set an example of the most rigid stillness of deportment, and the most unvarying attention, proclaimed by nods and expressions of assent and admiration, not always in the right places. The ladies were requested not to work, and Grunter introduced a system of questioning after the lecture was over.

"Ye'll na question me, if you please," said Miss Tibby. "It's na that I dinna remember it a'; I kenned it a' weel eno' in my younger days, but I'm mair used to be the professor, than the pupil."

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Mr. Lindsay and Ellen were the only ones who submitted with a good grace. He, to set a good example, and to show his reverence for Grunter's work, racked his brain to remember, often, alas! in vain; for the brain at sixty-five is neither wax to receive, nor marble to retain.

Ellen, to oblige her uncle, and as part of the mental discipline to which she had resolved to subject her mind and heart, gave all her attention, and answered in a manner which drew forth the most elaborate praise from Grunter, both of his pupil and himself. Julian and Augusta often replied at random; Annie cried when questioned; and Mrs. Lindsay, remarking that you couldn't put an old head on young shoulders, proved at the same time that one cannot put a young head on old ones; for, with all her anxiety to conciliate and to set a good example to the young folk, she could not take in one new idea, follow out one argument, or acquire one new fact. She, therefore, wisely pretended to be rather hard of hearing; while Mr. Smiler, the curate, who

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at first had attended these readings, in the hope of making a friend of the pompous and successful author, and of persuading him to use his interest with some London publishers, to induce them to purchase a set of sermons he had written, and would have sold for *any* sum of ready money, however small, was obliged to withdraw when the "Question" was introduced; for, as he never could abstract his mind from his six children and his one hundred a-year, and the present difficulties and future horrors of his situation, so nothing remained on his mind, after the reading, but the conviction that, if such a work as that had succeeded, and made Grunter a name and a fortune, his own sermons would perhaps, in the end, raise him to a bishopric, and, in the mean time, procure him a capital living.

Julian had heard from De Villeneuve several times; but as in all his communications he spoke of Zelie as his sister, so they were strictly private, and all Annie could glean was, that he was well, and at Hastings.

There he had been obliged to accompany

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Zelie, whose exertions in London had brought on an inflammation of the chest. Of course, this circumstance was unknown to all but Julian. Ellen began to wish for the society of her enlightened and eloquent friend, and to figure to herself his lonely anguish, roaming by the wild sea-shore, with no companion but disappointed Love; and Annie, romantically convinced that some mystery prevented his owning himself her lover, feared he might fling himself from a rock in his despair, and wept and moaned in private, and sat sullen and dispirited in company.

The time was now come for the return of Mrs. Lindsay and her daughters to Moss Grove Rectory. In a week or two Mr. Lindsay was to visit them there — there, too, it was tacitly understood Julian was to make his proposals in form. Mrs. Lindsay, very anxious to conciliate all, before quitting the field, insisted on her dear Miss Tibby, her charming Annie, and her distinguished friend Mr. Grunter, accompanying her beloved brother-in-law.

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"The change will do you all so much good. I cannot promise you such accommodations as at the Hall. But there is plenty of room. Mr. Grunter shall have a study with a southern aspect; and it will be quite a treat to Gregory to meet with so great a scholar. Now do come, if it is only for a week, my dear sir. The hills and the heath will remind my dearest Miss Tibby of the 'land o' cakes and brither Scots,' and sweet Annie will roam about the wild country till she is as blooming as ever."

As Miss Tibby had no wish to be left "alane wi' the auld stiff-necked fule Grunter," nor Grunter to be a lion only for Miss Tibby, the invitation was graciously accepted. As for Annie, she was passive — to the disappointed heart all places are alike. Mrs. Lindsay was even more than commonly affectionate and endearing before leaving her rich brother-in-law alone with his dependents. She nursed Fatima and her fat daughters; she called Screech a darling and a love; the vicious Cashmere buck a noble-spirited beauty;

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and actually traced out a distant but certain relationship between herself and Mr. Grunter, who, on the mother's side, was a Gubbs.

Augusta departed gaily, taking a coquettish delight in the anxious sorrow this brief separation caused Julian. She delighted to teaze him with accounts of the splendid *château* Sir Peter Riskwell had bought near Moss Grove, on purpose, as he had said, to breathe the same air with her; she affected to long to see him again, to bewail her cruelty, and to pity his fate; and then she playfully reminded Julian, that "out of sight was out of mind," and, turning away to wipe a few natural tears, bade him come soon, for "perhaps she might miss him."

Possibly this farewell had more effect on Julian than sobs, and vows, and paroxysms of anguish would have had. When they were gone, he sought his father, and, while tears filled his eyes, and his pale cheeks betrayed his sufferings, he told him that he had manfully kept his word, and had not formally proposed, but that, now the time of trial was

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over, and as soon as possible, he must accompany him to Moss Grove, to claim the hand of his adored and adorable Augusta.

Mr. Lindsay insisted on a fortnight's delay, for a visit to town, to arrange some important affairs; and consented, at the end of that time, to all his son required, provided that *en attendant* he did not pledge himself in any way.

To while away the fortnight, which he knew would seem forty years, Julian set off for Hastings, to visit his friend De Villeneuve and poor Zelie.

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CHAPTER XLIX.

"Adieu, poor luckless maiden! imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he pauseth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the being who has twice bruised thee can only bind them up for ever."

STERNE.

Zelie, the Queen of Song, sat alone at the foot of one of the giant rocks of Hastings. On one of her wan and almost transparent hands rested her fine head, while with the other she gathered up shells and seaweed, on which she gazed intently through large tears, but saw not what she gazed upon.

The searching morning sun revealed the ravages her late fatigues and latent disease had made so rapidly in one who had seemed, at her *début*, to deserve as well the title of Queen of Beauty as that of Queen of Song;

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true, the scene, the dress, the lights, and the excitement had lent their magic, and raised her to a public rank in loveliness to which she could scarcely in private be allowed a claim; but, yet, had Fate but granted her peace, repose, and a satisfied heart, she would have been of a rare and intellectual order of beauty.... As it was, she was a wreck—there was no tinge of colour on her hollow cheek, or her beautiful lips; dark circles surrounded her eyes; and her form, so queen-like a few weeks before, seemed shrunk and drooping.

Few people can think at once intently and happily—alas! to how many is deep thought, deep anguish?—and, therefore, there is generally much melancholy in the face of earnest thought; there was something more than melancholy in poor Zelie's—there was a fierce mental struggle. She suddenly clasped her hands, half raised herself with an air of pride and firm resolve.

A tinge of colour dawned on her cheek—she murmured, "I will leave him; he shall be happy; I can die! Ah, but then he would

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mourn me so! for ever!—yes, for ever." At that thought her anguish found vent in a passionate burst of tears.

She sat rocking herself to and fro, as though the movement of the body could lull the tortured mind. When looking up, she recognised the small bonnet, the large parasol, and nankeen pelisse of Mrs. Chester, who came out in search of her. She rose, and, appearing not to have perceived her, hastened away in an opposite direction.

Mrs. Chester was one of a very numerous class of people, who always appear to be in a great bustle about others, but never in reality put themselves the least out of the way.

When she saw Zelie hastening away, she called and made several signs, but never attempted to quicken her pace. "She's not quite right in her head, that girl," she said, to herself; "there's some deficiency, certainly. However, there's none in the purse, so it don't matter to me; and I'm more comfortable, better boarded, lodged, and treated, than I ever was in any other situation. Besides, the girl's

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equivocal position prevents her giving herself airs. Though she pays, I'm the patroness; that's pleasant when one has been so long the toady. I'm not expected to spend all my tiny salary in dress, and in these three months I've had more presents than in three years elsewhere. True, I have my suspicions; but, as long as no one else has them, they matter not. Here I can save all my silks and satins."

And Mrs. Chester looked complacently at a whole suit of nankeen, in which she was attired—bonnet, pelisse, boots, bag, and parasol—a piece Zelie had bought out of charity of a failing linendraper, and which Mrs. Chester had obliged her by accepting.

A pretty little red velvet reticule, worked in gold, caught the watchful blue eye of Mrs. Chester. It lay on the sands in the spot where Zelie had been sitting. Mrs. Chester picked it up, and glided behind a rock to examine its contents. A letter!—she read it ....Money!—she counted it.....A portrait! —she examined it: and then she honestly put up the bags and went, quite at her ease, in search of Zelie, to restore it.

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There was something of joy in Zelie's wild eyes, when, listlessly entering the drawing-room on her return from her ramble, she recognised Julian Lindsay. He had ever been kind to her—he had risked his life for her—he always treated her with a respect which she valued the more, because she felt an inward, ever-haunting doubt of her claim to it.

She was in that state of depression, self-abandonment, and almost self-contempt, when the gentle hand of kindness unlocks those springs of grief no tyranny or harshness could have forced open. Julian and De Villeneuve were together in earnest conversation when she entered. On recognising Julian, she uttered a faint cry of joy, and rushed forward to welcome him; but, when gazing at her altered face and form with sorrowful surprise, he said, grasping her burning hand, "Oh! how very ill you must have been!" the contrast of his tearful glance, and the cold gaze of one she loved too well, struck her.

She murmured, "Bless you! thank you!

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how kind you are!" and, bursting into tears, she rushed out of the room.....

"You see, Julian, my dear fellow," said Alphonse, affectionately pressing his hand, "you see all the evil you have so unintentionally done.....Is it not so, my dearest friend?.....and, should you fail to win your lovely cousin, who — I speak with the privileged sincerity of friendship—would hesitate between you and a wealthier suitor (even Riskwell), will you not, should she jilt you, return to our little home, and see what your presence can do towards binding the broken heart of one who, with all her rare and immortal gifts, has the heart of the meekest and most loving of women, and that heart, I fear, all yours?"

"Oh! but being all she is, she cannot, does not, love one who has not tried to win her." And Julian's colour rose; for the triumph, though useless, was too great not to find its way to man's vain heart.

"Nay, Julian, you know woman's nature too well to build an argument on such a false

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foundation; perhaps, just because you never tried to win her, she has resolved to win you. No woman values an easy conquest; they are all generals at heart. But they do value what they have been long in winning. I fear my Zelie is something like Rousseau's Julie —'*Le premier soupir de son cœur fera le destin de sa vie*,' however. She has told me nothing; you have seen her.....Judge for yourself, and if you do not succeed with your cousin, if she trifles, if she rejects; because even a wealthier may offer — remember one who, I believe, would follow you in beggary through the world."

"Ah! you wrong Augusta!"

"Who can wrong a coquette?"

"She is no coquette."

"*Cela reste à prouver!*"

"At any rate, oblige me by abstaining from censures which I will not listen to from any one. And now I hear Zelie singing in her boudoir—let us join her."

"If Augusta should be sporting with my feelings, if she should be that vile thing, a

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coquette," thought Julian, as Zelie's rich voice and mournful strain woke strange echoes in his heart, "I will try to repay the devoted love of that sweet girl. But it cannot be. Augusta does love me—it is folly, treason, to doubt it. Alphonse, with all his romance, is so suspicious, so worldly, about women!"

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CHAPTER L.

Yet see how all around them wait,
The ministers of human fate,
And black misfortune's baleful train;
Ah! shew them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murth'rous band—
All tell them they are men.

GRAY.

All was hope and joy at Moss Grove Rectory on the morning of the day fixed for the arrival of Mr. Lindsay, Julian, Miss Tibby, Annie—and last, not least (in his own opinion) the lion of the day, Ebenezer Grunter.

The Rev. Dr. Lindsay, disturbed by the universal bustle and excitement, was about to shut himself up in a remote chamber, where he might pursue his studies in peace, till his

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brother's arrival. Mrs. Lindsay was finishing off a soft cushion for Fatima, and superintending the cleaning a perch for Screech. Augusta's heart was in a wild flutter; and her cheek rivalled the roses, through whose petals the sun shone, as they looked in at the window to bid the breakfast party good morrow; jasmine and honeysuckles were peeping in also, and Ellen was gathering a sweet bouquet for her uncle's room.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Lindsay, "put down your books, and do attend to me."

"I am attending," answered old Lindsay, looking up for a moment, while running his finger down the index of the work he was reading.

"Really, my love, on so very important a day I think you might lay aside those fusty old books."

Old Lindsay laid down his book.

"What have you to say, my dear?"

"Why, I want to converse a little with you."

"About what?"

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"About.....la! why, about many things; about your brother's arrival *and*—"

"I am prepared for that."

"Prepared! in what way?"

Old Lindsay had taken up his book again.

"How tiresome you are, my dearest love! I want to tell you that I have found out a relationship between old Grunter and myself. His mother was a Gubbs. I think it likely to strengthen my influence with him, and, through him, with your brother. I mean to receive him and treat him as a relation. Now, as he is a scholar, and here only for a short time, you must give him up your study; he requires the morning sun."

"Why cannot he share it with me, Nelly? It will put me out sadly to be driven from my accustomed haunt. There is room, and for two."

"No, no, two of a trade can never agree; besides, *entre nous*, I am sure you would dispute with him on classical and literary subjects."

"The clash of opinions, Nelly, elicits the sparks of truth."

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"Of anger and ill-will, rather. No, no, quite in confidence, my love," and Mrs. Lindsay drew near her husband, and whispered as if she dreaded that the flowers might report her words. "I don't believe he's any more of a scholar than I am; he's a smatterer, a pretender, a literary coxcomb, my love; and, therefore, he'll require the study and all the books to give himself a learned look!"

"Well, well," groaned Dr. Lindsay, "do as you like; only, wherever I am, let me be quiet."

At this moment a servant brought in a letter. Mrs. Lindsay recognised the hand of her brother-in-law. Augusta and Ellen drew near.

"I hope it's no excuse, now every thing is so comfortably ready," said Mrs. Lindsay.

"And I," said old Lindsay, "should not be sorry if it were, for it's little comfort to receive those to whom our very best must seem worse than the worst they get at home; besides, that Grunter, if he were a scholar,

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I'd welcome him with open arms, but, a pretender, a quack, how can I help exposing him?"

As he spoke, Mrs. Lindsay, who never paid any real attention to what he said, opened the letter. As she ran her eye over the first lines, the colour forsook her cheeks, her eyes distended, her lips parted; she uttered a faint cry, and dropped the paper.

"What is it?" exclaimed all at once. "What has happened?"

"Is Julian ill?" faltered Ellen.

"Ill! worse than ill, worse than dead!" screamed Mrs. Lindsay. "Your brother, Gregory, is a ruined man! He has speculated away his immense fortune!"

"Thank Heaven, that is all!" said old Lindsay.

"All!—how can you be such a fool? All! —what could be worse? He is ruined, he is a pauper, we must maintain him, they are all coming here, and now what is to be done?" And Mrs. Lindsay began to cry.

"Done!" exclaimed Dr. Lindsay, his eyes

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flashing, and roused from his habitual and meek abstraction—"done, woman! I am ashamed to hear my wife ask such a question at such an hour. Done! why all shall be done to surpass, in the hour of his adversity, the affection and devotion which would have been lavished on him in that of his success. Providence, in clouding his prospects, gives us the rare and unexpected privilege of comforting him, of repaying some of the great debts we owe him—of proving what all you women most vehemently have professed! Where is this letter? read it, my Ellen. Those tears, I know they fall not for the loss of the uncle's wealth, but for anxiety lest that loss affect his peace. Dry them, my child; and you, Augusta, control this violent emotion, and listen."

"Dear Sister,

"How can I reveal the distressing intelligence of my total ruin—how can I own that the maddest of speculations has ended in the entire ruin of a princely fortune! However, it was of my own earning, and there-

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fore I owe excuses to none. I know that by my brother's fireside the *poor* Hugh will be as welcome as the *rich* Mr. Lindsay. As for Julian, he is young, learned, and I hope, energetic; he has now the same prospects with which I began life—poor boy! I hope he may be as fortunate and less rash! It is a pity that, instead of a prompt and happy union, the attachment between him and Augusta must end, I fear, in a protracted engagement.

"I cannot enter into the painful details of a rash adventure, which must appear insane to those who do not know how much mercantile speculation resembles gambling. If I can save enough to live in strict economy abroad, it is well; if not, as I have no learning, I can be a butler; for that my venerable yet hale appearance may fit me. What am I to do with Grunter, Miss Tibby, Annie, Screech, Fatima, and her family, and poor old Capricorn? In the first instance, I shall come, as I originally intended, to you, with all those dear, and now unhappy charges.

"The blow will fall heavily on Julian, but

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Youth, Love, and Hope will save him from despair. Expect us all early in the evening, and spare me all allusions, all inquiries, and, above all, all reproaches. With love as true as ever, your affectionate brother,

"HUGH LINDSAY."

"I think, as you have made out a relationship with Grunter, you might for the present adopt him as a member of the family," said the Reverend Gregory, with a lurking smile. "Miss Tibby, too, is a very pleasant, conversable person, and one you were always very fond of; if you could receive her, I must do what I can for Annie."

"*I* receive that vile, rude, old horror, Grunter," sobbed Mrs. Lindsay; "and that boasting, old bore, Miss Tibby! I'd rather be in a workhouse!"

"Why, my dear, if Grunter *is* a relation, we ought to adopt *him*; and as to——."

"Adopt *him*! I'd as soon adopt the devil, Mr. Lindsay."

"I am sorry to hear a clergyman's wife speak so profanely. Did you not tell me he

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was, without doubt, a Gubbs on your mother's side?"

"Oh, I may have fancied something of the kind when——."

"When it suited your purpose, madam; now that it suits it not, you must pay the penalty of your own deceit. Mrs. Lindsay, I command you, and you, my children, I need not command, to make your uncle, and all his former dependents, ten times more welcome than you had been disposed to do, when he needed nc attentions of ours; for me, I feel his distress arouse all the old love of boyhood, when we shared together our poverty, or our unexpected shilling. Yes, the old time is busy at my heart, and I feel I love him now as I knew not I loved him, when he was cradled by wealth and luxury. All his dependents are welcome here; see that all feel they are so." So saying, old Dr. Lindsay walked away. Mrs. Lindsay remained a short time sobbing and wringing her hands; and then she said,—

"I'll make the house too hot to hold them.

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I have a set of paupers quartered on me, eating me out of house and home! *I* be bored with Grunter, and that odious, Scotch torment; stunned by Screech, whom I always loathed; butted by Capricorn, and stifled by that over-gorged Fatima, and her detestable tribe! I may be civil to your uncle, but as to all that gang, they shall see they've got the wrong sow by the ear."

Ellen looked up amazed. Passion generally brings out innate coarseness, and awakens dormant vulgarity. On her guard, Mrs. Lindsay never betrayed herself; but it is only the real lady who has nothing to betray.

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CHAPTER LI.

Dear Sensibility! source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows! Thou chainest thy martyr down upon his bed of straw, and it is thou who liftest him up to Heaven! Eternal Fountain of our feelings! it is here I trace thee, and this is thy divinity which stirs within me. Not that in some sad and sickening moments, my soul shrinks back upon herself, and startles at destruction. Mere pomp of words! but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself."

STERNE.

The sisters were alone: Ellen was very pale, and now and then tears filled her eyes, and her frame trembled as she thought what poverty would be to one so old and so accustomed to wealth as her uncle; but she went on arranging the bouquet she had been making for him, heedless of the large tears that fell among the flowers.

Augusta was flushed, agitated, and sobbing;

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but to one who can read tears aright, there was more of anger than of grief, in hers. She sate pulling some flowers to pieces.

"What a very strange thing this is!" she said, at length.

"Strange! oh, it is a most heart-rending thing, sister! my poor dear uncle!.....Julian....."

"Yes, of course one is very sorry for them, for Julian particularly; but my uncle, I must say, I think he deserves more blame than pity....at his age...."

"To be dependent on those so ready to forget the past, and adopt the worldling's creed, with whom 'success is virtue, and misfortune blame.'"

"Oh, that's all very well for you, Ellen; you are not situated as I am. Your hopes are not destroyed by this, your affections were not engaged, nor your fate entangled...."

"Sister, I love you well enough to feel my hopes in some degree disappointed if yours are blighted, and my affections wounded by the blow that affects yours. My fate is surely

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in some degree entangled, as you call it, with that of the friend of my youth; but this I must say, if I loved Julian, and were loved by him—if I were his chosen, the one with whom he had intended to share his wealth—her whom he had selected from a world at his feet—I could be reconciled to the loss which would prove to him what a true heart he had gained. Hope is not blighted; this moment is the dawn of Hope. The star of this sudden darkness! Talk not of wounded affections! It is now that they should be strong to conquer the world; and as to a fate 'entangled with his,' oh! be rather proud to say your destinies are entwined for ever!"

"That's all very fine! but what are we to live on? I hate long engagements, and will never fetter myself with one; one loses the best years of one's life, and, after all, they hardly ever come to any thing, but mutual dislike. I cannot say I think Julian behaved well, in not proposing long ago. If he had done so, and we had married, my settlement at least would have been saved."

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"But it was only last night you told me you adored him, and meant to accept him at once."

"Yes, but I never thought he had been eager enough about it; only, when there's plenty of money, one can do with less love. I'm like mamma: I have an innate horror of poverty; I cannot love a poor man — how distressing!" and she began to cry. "He used to look so elegant driving his beautiful greys. His dress was always so exquisite! I so liked his yacht, too! and no one looked so well on horseback. What a love that blood mare was! and now, or, at least, ere long, he must walk in all weathers, shabbily dressed, in thick boots, carrying a cotton umbrella—an usher, or a clerk, perhaps....and be cut by every one."

"By *every* one! by *no one* whom he cares for, or who cares for him. Augusta, dear, dear Augusta! listen not to the evil spirit tempting you to forsake; listen to the good angel, urging you to cling to and to comfort him. Sister!" and Ellen sank on her knees

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by Augusta's side, and, hiding her tearful face in her lap, sobbed, "Sister, this blow will not overwhelm him, unless you forsake him. He loves — he cares for nothing but you! Promise you will be to him all love can make a woman, when Misery would claim him she loves."

"Make no such promise, my dear," said Mrs. Lindsay, who had entered unperceived. "Ellen, I'm surprised at you; do you want to see your sister a beggar? This looks like it. Augusta, come with me, my own love. You know I never thought Julian behaved properly; he neglected you often most pointedly."

"Sister!" sobbed Ellen, "all his hope is in you."

"Come away, Augusta. Hark! there are wheels — Sir Peter's carriage, I declare! what a noble equipage it is! Go and arrange your hair, love. How devoted that poor man has ever been! I shall invite him to dinner to-day."

"Oh, not to-day, mamma," said Ellen, slowly rising. "It will seem so unkind."

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"Quite the reverse; it will take off the awkwardness of the meeting. Come, Augusta!"

"Alas for Julian!" said Ellen, when they were gone, again sinking upon her knees; "poor Julian! now thou hast only thine unloved Ellen, for thine idol has already forsaken thee! Forgive me, Father, if I find a selfish joy in the thought of being his comforter. I have not yielded to it; I have knelt to her—I have implored her not to forsake — I am not guilty.....unless this involuntary comfort, at an hour like this, be a sort of guilt."

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CHAPTER LII.

"And trust me, when to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon, that an innocent and helpless creature shall be sacrificed, it is an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with."

STERNE.

"I shall not have the house turned topsy-turvy for that old Grunter," said Mrs. Lindsay to Ellen, who was quietly making some arrangements for the old usher's comfort; "your uncle, of course, is entitled to all we can do for him, though he has made such a fool of himself. But Grunter, a boasting, conceited, impertinent old oaf, ... He shall not have the study, Ellen, so it is of no use."

"But he always says he cannot write in a room which has not the morning sun on it."

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"If he never writes again, so much the better for himself and the public."

"Mamma," said Ellen, and she clasped her hands, and her beautiful eyes filled with tears, "do not make any difference in your manner to Mr. Grunter. Oh, pray do not! My poor uncle will feel it more than if it were to himself."

"Oh, no, of course not, Miss Ellen. Of course it is to be expected that I shall play the toady for an indefinite time, too, to that odious old bear, to Miss Tibby and Screech, and those pursy, over-gorged, abominable dogs, suffer myself to be bitten by Screech, and knocked down by Capricorn. No, Ellen, when I'm knocked down, it must be to higher bidders than any of that set are likely to prove now."

"Mamma, you are joking!"

"Joking, girl! It's no joke to me to lose...."

"Lose what, mamma? the loss is all my uncle's."

"No, it is not. I lose what I have been

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for years labouring to realize; I lose all my expectations, and, losing them, I cannot keep my temper. I'm out of all patience, when I think of it. Such a fortune! such a match as Julian was for Augusta! and now..... I hope I shall be able to be civil to your uncle, but I feel as if I could beat him. I must go and have a good cry; and to think of his bringing all that gang of dependents! I shall never be able to bear it, so do your best to get them quietly away, and *you* must see to every thing, for I am quite upset by this dreadful and unexpected blow."

Left to herself, Ellen, the best of housewives, made every arrangement for the comfort of her uncle and his guests. Without any bustle or parade, every thing was done; and Ellen gave up her own little boudoir, in which from childhood she had been accustomed to enjoy the morning sun shining through the honeysuckle—gave it up with its graceful comforts and maiden purity — no longer to be the shrine of a saint, but the den of a bear, the delicate carpet to be trodden by

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Grunter's huge feet, the spotless furniture to be inked by the bungling blotting author, the whole place to be desecrated! But then her uncle would feel a slight to Grunter, and Ellen resigned her retreat with a sense almost of pleasure.

Augusta was in her dressing-room; for a few moments she was alone. Bad as people are, they would be worse still if they were never alone. Conscience would then have no chance: the loud clamours of vanity and pride, and the opinion of others, would drown the still small voice. Augusta, fresh from the worldly counsels of her vain mother, and the boundless admiration of her wealthy adorer—Augusta, who had been positively flirting with Sir Peter, as she drove with him and her mother in his superb carriage through the sweet country; who had felt elated at the deep reverential bows of all who passed them; who had conceived herself the mistress of that fine equipage, and of all thereunto belonging; who had thought of Julian and poverty almost with disgust, as some of the dim recol-

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lections of early childhood (embittered by penury) came back upon her memory — Augusta, now alone, wondered to feel Remorse, a new and dreadful guest, awake in her vain bosom. She wondered, when shutting out all around her, with her trembling hands clasped firmly over her eyes, that she saw, in fancy, the pale but beautiful features of Julian, the encouraged, the all but accepted lover, saw the tears fill the eyes that had so loved to look on her: she started up, afraid of her own now terrible struggles.

It was a bright and sunny afternoon; the air, as she leaned out of the window, (panting for breath) was sultry — she looked from her lattice. Was he who once took our Saviour to the mountain's top to tempt, was he, the invisible Spirit of Evil, at hand? Her eyes, in wandering over the beautiful distance, saw the graceful turrets and many windows, (glowing in the sunshine) of the palace-like abode of Sir Peter Riskwell. Far and wide spread the undulating and velvet sod of the park; the patri-

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archal trees, the deer, the cattle, all spoke of wealth and luxury. And that splendid place Sir Peter had purchased, because it was within view of Moss Grove Rectory. And there, within a stone's throw of the garden-gate of her home, stood a small ungainly house, square, whitewashed, mean, a playground before it, a kitchen-garden behind it; a blue board elevated on a post announced, "Preparatory Seminary for Young Gentlemen." That was the home of a couple, who a few years before had married for love!

The girl had been very beautiful, and was of good birth. She had refused wealthy offers—she was in love—she married a young collegian, who had nothing ..... At first he was all tenderness, but "Poverty came in at the door, and Love flew out at the window." The wife soon lost her beauty, and the husband his temper. Their friends, to keep them from starvation, set them up in a school, and got them a few pupils.

As Augusta gazed, she saw the meagre form of the wife, clad in a poor cotton gown, and

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her once dainty hands were hanging out clothes on a line, just as the now dogged-looking husband, in a pepper-and-salt dressing-gown, led a file of little boys out into the road.

"The reality of a love-match," said Augusta to herself, as she watched poor Mrs. Evelyn fasten on the line a number of small articles, evidently belonging to the boys, beheld her wipe away some natural tears, and recalled the gay and well-dressed beauty she had once been.

"It is a lesson for me," said Augusta. "It were selfish to entail on him such a fate, such a home.... No, I will be firm—my choice is made." So saying, she repaired to her glass, washed away the tears from her burning cheeks, and called for Ruth.

Ruth, knowing that "Mr. Julian" was expected, had laid out ready for Augusta's toilet a dress of the pure white he so loved, and was preparing to braid Augusta's hair in the fashion he preferred.—"I shall wear pink this even-

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ing," said Augusta, blushing even before Ruth, "and dress my hair in ringlets."

Pink and ringlets! — that was Sir Peter's taste!....Alas! alas!....

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CHAPTER LIII.

"But Ellen boldly stepp'd between,
And dropp'd at once the tartan screen;
So from his morning cloud appears
The sun of May through summer tears."

The Lady of the Lake.

A refreshing summer-shower had fallen; the dust was laid, the birds were singing gaily, and all Nature seemed revived, when a large travelling-carriage, drawn by post-horses, stopped at the foot of a hill, within two miles of Moss Grove Rectory, and Mr. Lindsay and old Grunter descended from the interior, while Julian sprang from the box.

"Annie and mysel will just remain where we are," said Miss Tibby, "we're no that heavy to inconvenience the horses. Will ye not tak your book, Mr. Grunter...." (but

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Grunter heard her not). "I'm sure that's heavy enough to tire fifty horses," she added, pushing aside the History of Philosophy and the Philosophy of History.

Annie, lost in a reverie, made no reply.

"I am very glad to spare the poor horses such a pull as this," said old Lindsay, leaning on his son's arm. "Come, Julian, my boy, be not downcast, you have youth and the world before you."

"A barren prospect," said Julian, with a sigh.

"Not so," said his father; "with your talents, your strength, your faith in the woman you love...."

"True, father, I am most selfish to give one sigh to my own fate. I have, indeed, full confidence in the unworldly devotion of my dear Augusta; but it is hard to have nothing to offer but oneself — still, to my own fate I am reconciled. I doubt not that I can carve my way—become the architect of my own fortunes...."

"Can ye?" said Grunter — "Did you ever try?"

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"No, I have had no occasion."

"Then, take my word for it, you'll fail. Look at me—with all my advantages, I've only just achieved what you think to do at once—I've actually only just made a name!"

"I shall never attempt the sort of distinction you have obtained," said Julian, with a quiet smile; "still, I may do something, as you, dear father, say. With love, and youth, and strength, and hope, to buoy him up, a man must be weak indeed to sink beneath the first blow of fortune.... but you.... but you...." and the tears would force themselves down his cheeks. "Ah! will all I can do prevent your feeling this dreadful change?"

At this moment Screech, who was in the large cage on the roof of the carriage, and Fatima, who was looking out of a window, set up their shrillest notes of recognition, and the next moment a young girl rose from a bank, on which she had been seated, screened by a large tree, and, rushing forward, threw herself into the arms of old Mr. Lindsay.

"Ellen, my own darling!" he said, looking

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fondly into her tearful eyes, "this is kind indeed! Why, she never came thus far to welcome her *rich* uncle."

"My *poor* uncle is a thousand times dearer to me!" sobbed Ellen.

Old Mr. Lindsay's remark was just: fond as Ellen had always been of him, till this occasion, she had never, in her watch for him, exceeded the limits of her father's premises. There was something in her eagerness to greet him, in the long and lonely ramble she had taken to do so, and in the fervour of her tearful and clinging embraces, which spoke volumes to her uncle's heart.

"And where is Augusta?" asked Julian, in a somewhat disappointed tone.

"She did not know I was coming," said Ellen, offering her hand. He took it without further comment, and, presently falling behind, left his father to poor Ellen's girlish and weeping consolations.

But the hill was passed, and the party returned to the carriage. Miss Tibby was silent and consequential; she thought, in her

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sudden *reflected* poverty, that it was the best way of keeping up her importance. Annie was sad, and Ellen, clasping her uncle's hands, and repressing her tears, did all her heavy heart could suggest to cheer him, and marvelled that the ruin of his fortunes, at his advanced age, had not stolen the calm from his brow, nor the benevolent smile from his lip.

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CHAPTER LIV.

"Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe! . ."
GRAY.

It was not in her first reception of her brother-in-law and his family, that the total change in Mrs. Lindsay's feelings became apparent.

She welcomed him with professions of delight and pride, which long habit brought to her lips, as words of course. She was perhaps a little less entranced than usual with Mr. Grunter, Miss Tibby, and Annie; and Julian was not embraced with rapture; while Fatima, and Screech, instead of being "exquisite loves," were only noticed as "poor dears." She did not express any very great ecstacy

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when she heard that Capricorn would arrive by a waggon in a day or two; but, still, there was nothing to find fault with in her manner. Gregory Lindsay seemed awakened to the things of this world by his brother's misfortunes, and was all affectionate solicitude and eager attention. Ellen thought she could never do enough to welcome the party, and Augusta had not yet appeared.

All were assembled in the drawing-room, awaiting the announcement of dinner, when she entered. Old Gregory, in an earnest conference with his brother, was imploring him to make the Rectory his home, and to share all he possessed. Mrs. Lindsay, while pretending to listen to Miss Tibby's long stories, was trying to catch the conversation between her husband and his brother, in order, when alone with the former, to lecture him, if requisite. Annie was sitting, *thinking*, as she called it. Grunter was mechanically mending all the pens in an inkstand on the table; Ellen was playing some of Julian's favourite airs, while he stood on the rug with Sir Peter Riskwell;

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both—though there was no fire—with their backs to the grate, in true English fashion. Fatima and her daughters were asleep after their journey: and Screech, unseen by any one, had descended from his perch, and was most industriously nibbling the leg of a rose-wood chair.

Never had the contrast between Julian Lindsay and Sir Peter Riskwell been so striking as at that moment. The country air had effaced the effect of Jobb's reducing medicines; he was red and round as ever, but hope twinkled in his small, grey eyes; self-sufficiency appeared in every movement, and his toilet was as gaudy as wealth and bad taste could make it.

With Julian's altered fortunes, all appearance of coxcombry seemed to have left him; he was plainly dressed, pale, thoughtful, and with a proud and resolute air, not usual to him. When first he beheld Augusta, and noticed that, instead of his favourite braids and white garb, she was arrayed in a colour he disliked, and her hair dressed in a style he

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disapproved of, Ellen remarked that his colour rose, his eyes flashed, and his lip curled. But, when approaching her uncle, the sight of him recalled his ruin, her assumed manner forsook her, and she burst into tears; Julian hastened towards her; and, in those irrepressible evidences of her sympathy, forgot that they could not outweigh, (unintentional as they were), the preconcerted proofs which her dress gave, of a wish to *seem*, at least, indifferent to his opinion.

Nature triumphed for a time: and it was while Augusta still wept, that dinner was announced. Julian drew her arm within his; and Sir Peter Riskwell, looking very belligerent, handed Ellen down stairs.

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CHAPTER LV.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream."
BYRON.

The dinner passed off gloomily enough. How could it be otherwise, when every one's thoughts were engrossed by a subject to which all dreaded to allude?

Grunter ventured on a few boasts about his book: but some remarks from Dr. Lindsay, betraying a real knowledge of the subject, of which, (author as he was) he had but a smattering, warned him not to venture out of his depth. Miss Tibby sat in dignified silence. Mr. Lindsay, "the ruined man," alone was cheerful; Augusta was silent and sad, in spite of sundry looks of reproof from her mother, who

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saw that every movement and shade of expression was closely watched by Sir Peter and Julian. Ellen did her best to cheer every one, but all felt it a relief when Mrs. Lindsay gave the signal, and the ladies retired.

Ellen tried to amuse Miss Tibby and Annie; while Mrs. Lindsay, perceiving that Augusta was roaming alone in the garden, joined her there.

"You are very imprudent, my love," said the mother. "If you seem so distressed, of course Sir Peter will fancy you love your cousin, and then he will not renew his proposals."

"What shall I do? Oh! mamma, how can I forsake him at such a moment?"

"Forsake! say, rather, how can you cling to a drowning wretch, thereby ensuring his ruin and your own!—you can only encumber, you cannot assist him. Do you see the Evelyn's 'preparatory school?'—look;" and Mrs. Lindsay held aside a bough.

Augusta shuddered and said, "I have seen it."

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"It is a better home than you will have, if you marry Julian," said the mother.

"But why must I marry at all?"

"Why—why? If you do not marry, do you know what you will be?"

"Yes; a single woman."

"Exactly; in other words, a poor, dependent, despicable, and despised old maid. The ruin of your uncle will not only affect all our prospects, but I doubt not the maintaining all his vile dependents and viler pets will fall upon us. With our poor income, offend Sir Peter, and you can have no other chance. There is no match in this place, and all seasons at London or elsewhere are over now. Will you, for the sake of a man who has certainly slighted you, degenerate into a Mrs. Evelyn, or a poor old maid? How beautiful Sir Peter's park looks in the distance! Ah! here he comes. I shall leave you for the present, my love; your choice lies between a town mansion, a beautiful park, elegant equipages, a title, and a doating husband, or a long and odious engagement, ending perhaps in a preparatory school, like

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the Evelyn's, kept by you and a surly husband; for the poor and disappointed are always surly, or, if you prefer it, confirmed and poverty-struck celibacy at Moss Grove Rectory. When we are gone to our long home, you can live at the grocer's, and take in needlework. I am sure I shan't be here long, for it will break my heart to see it, with such prospects as you have had too.

"I should not care so much about it, if I had not centred all my hopes and pride in you. I have done my best for you all; but, somehow, that best has been any thing but satisfactory to my heart. Your sister in India seems ill and unhappy; yet, what a match that was! Poor Lydia—look there—gleams her marble monument through the yew-trees—Cold, lonely abode of that warm-hearted social being! Let me, then, see one of my children satisfactorily married. Let there be one good match made in the family. I cannot think why all turns out so ill." Strange that it never occurred to the mother how much better it would be, if people were matched by their

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own hearts, and not by the manœuvres of a regular matchmaker; but, as with a gamester, the more she lost, the more eager was she to win.

"Mamma," said Augusta, seizing her mother's arm, "do not leave me now! There is great truth in what you say—and, to-morrow ... to-morrow ... I will dismiss Julian, I will accept Sir Peter—but do not leave me alone one moment, to-night, with either of them; in mercy, do not."

"You promise, to-morrow, to accept Sir Peter?"

"I do—to-night I am so ill and agitated, I shall retire. Come with me, my mother! and do you excuse me to all."

The matchmaker fondly embraced the consenting daughter, led her to the house, and then, carelessly taking Sir Peter's arm, led him away, and, during a stroll, contrived to let him know that she had ascertained that, were he to renew his proposals, her Augusta would not decline them; that Julian Lindsay was arrived to propose for her; and that, at

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the last moment, she had found out that she did not like him, and hinted that her affections were evidently Sir Peter's.

She mentioned the failure of some large mercantile houses with which Mr. Lindsay was connected, but took care not to avow that his immense fortune was seriously impaired, much less totally ruined, by them. And Sir Peter felt elated beyond measure, and took his leave, trying to look down on Julian; which, however, he could not achieve, till he had mounted his phaeton.

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CHAPTER LVI.

"And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that sylvan loves,
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt."

MILTON.

The morning came, bright as it so often is when the heart is saddest; the sun glared in upon eyes that had not slept, heavy and red with weeping. There was something in Augusta's behaviour which shook Julian's confidence: the spoiled child of the world suspected, for the first time, how much he owed to the paltry advantages of wealth and station.

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"I will not judge her harshly," he said to himself, as he roamed into the garden to seek her. "I will not condemn her unheard." But his walk was a vain one; he only met Ellen, who came with her voice of comfort and looks of affection; and what were they to him?

The breakfast party assembled, and yet Augusta came not: a headache was pleaded for her by Mrs. Lindsay; and Julian tried to hope that her indisposition arose rather from anxiety for him than from care for herself.

Ellen, too, she was not well. Ellen had not slept; her cheeks were wan, her eyelids swollen, and her lips white; but yet, though her feverish hand trembled, she was there to smile, to soothe, to comfort, more fondly attentive, more delicately devoted than ever. Mrs. Lindsay had, perhaps unconsciously to herself, assumed a somewhat condescending air. None but the truly thorough-bred can find themselves conferring, where they have

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been wont to receive favours, without a change of manner.

To Grunter's great surprise, she now implied some doubts of that relationship she had before so clearly made out. She was a degree less coaxing and patient with Miss Tibby, and even threw out some hints before Annie of the necessity of young people's applying to something, and not "mooning" and idling the whole day long.

Mr. Lindsay took no apparent notice of this, and yet the slightest change of manner was remarked by him; and a close observer would have seen a very quiet smile play about his lips, and occasionally his colour rise at some faint indication of altered feeling, or his eyes moisten at each new and devoted proof of Ellen's attachment, or of his brother's unworldly affection.

Urged by Mrs. Lindsay, and unable to bear his own feelings of painful suspense, Julian agreed to take a long ride with his

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father and Ellen; and, when they had set out, Mrs. Lindsay proceeded to her daughter's room; she entered unperceived: there knelt the passionate and proud Augusta, her face hidden in her hands, her frame convulsed with sobs.

The matchmaker saw that a moment of deep feeling was no time for worldly counsel. She noiselessly quitted the apartment; yet the daughter's evident struggles, while they affected the heart, did not shake the resolution of the mother.

"Better a few romantic tears now," she said, "with friends and sunny prospects to dry them, than long regrets through years of poverty, reproaches of an embittered husband, and laments of ill-provided children."

It was while she was discussing in her own mind this disagreeable subject, difficulty making her, as it always does the vulgar, cross and vindictive, that Mr. Grunter, hearing her pass, opened the door of the little

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boudoir which Ellen had yielded to him as a study, and begged for a few minutes' conversation with one hitherto so affable and obsequious, that a request of his was scarcely made ere it was cordially granted.

He began by expressing a wish to make out more clearly, if possible, the exact degree of relationship between them, as he was writing to a Mr. Gubbs, his first cousin, and wished to mention it.

"Do not trouble yourself to do that," said Mrs. Lindsay; "I believe there is some mistake."

"Oh, no, I fancy not. I do not mind the trouble, madam, and I am as anxious to prove it as yourself. I will show you the pedigree as I make it out, if you will step in."

"I am afraid it is all a mistake."

"Oh, never fear! Pray, come in."

She entered the room sulkily enough, and exclaiming,—

"Dear me! how close, Mr. Grunter! and

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what a musty smell those old books and papers have!"

Mr. Grunter was very obtuse. Accustomed to her urbanity, he did not at once perceive the change, but, fancying she meant, as usual, some apologies for accommodations so unworthy of "The Lion of the day," he replied,—

"Never mind, my dear madam; in time I shall get used to the size of the room. It is confined, certainly, but still——."

"I cannot bear this close smell," said Mrs. Lindsay, her ill-humour increased by his allusion to a lengthened stay. "Nothing I hate like the smell of old books and papers."

"Of course," said Grunter, pompously, "women cannot be expected to like it. But to us it is a smell dearer than that of frankincense and myrrh, madam: it is redolent of the Past; it recals——."

"I hope it can be got rid of," said Mrs. Lindsay, opening the window.

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"Oh, never mind it!—as I said, custom will reconcile you to it."

At this moment the wind blew one of the papers of the Gubbs' pedigree off the table. Grunter, in stooping to pick up his treasure, knocked down the inkstand, and the ink fell, not merely on the pretty mosaic wood table, but trickled down on the bright and delicate carpet.

"Oh, how tiresome! how distressing!" said Mrs. Lindsay, making a protracted noise with her tongue, a kind of clicking, expressive of dismay, such as nurses make when a naughty child breaks his cup, or his doll's nose.

"Oh! never mind it, madam! these trifles never affect *us*," said Grunter, who, while Mrs. Lindsay violently pulled the bell, actually extended his huge foot, and, as if he had been in his boarded and sanded school-room of yore, with this ungain machine began to iron the black fluid into the roses and lotuses beneath.

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"What are you doing?" shrieked Mrs. Lindsay, quite off her guard, purple with passion. "Mr. Grunter, how dare you spoil other people's things in that manner?"

Mr. Grunter looked up, thunderstruck, aghast; had the canary singing before him been suddenly transformed into a turkey-cock, he would not have been more ineffably surprised and astounded.

However, he was rather of a disposition to yield with the tyrant, and to tyrannize with the yielding; so, while the colour slowly forsook his large face, and his very wig quivered, he said:—

"I beg your pardon, madam, if I have done any harm; but I thought it best to dry it as soon as possible."

"Dry it! what, by spreading it all over the room?" said Mrs. Lindsay, who now perceived that some of the ink had fallen on the blue merinos curtain, and some on the cushion

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of an ottoman close by — look there; look what you have done!"

Grunter followed the direction of her eye; on the ottoman lay his pedigree—at least, that sheet of it which the wind had blown away, and which had caused all this commotion. "I can easily write it out again, madam," he said, "if you think it illegible; but I can shew you the link between your branch of the Gubbs' family and mine in a minute;" and, seizing the paper, his immense inky finger and thumb came in contact with the light blue ottoman, and left another stain.

"I do not wish to see it; it is all a mistake. I deny any such relationship, and while you *are* here, Mr. Grunter, I would thank you to be a little more careful. If my daughter Ellen chooses to have her room destroyed in this manner, I do not. I shall complain to my brother-in-law."

"Madam," said Grunter, roused at length, "I have made every possible apology for a

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mere accident, and now I too shall state this affair, and the way in which you have rebuked me, to Mr. Lindsay."

"Pray do. I assure you, I care as little —" one may guess what anger prompted, but a moment's reflection condemned—"as little .....as any such report deserves;" so saying, she flounced away.....

"Ha, ha!" said Grunter to himself, a light slowly breaking in on his obtuse brain, "this is owing to what Mr. Lindsay has told her of his ruin—silly enough to tell her, and against my advice — she doesn't care now for him, or even for me! Be it so! he might have kept his own counsel, and have fared well here. I will walk forth to meet him, and to tell my story. The time may come yet when she will rue this day."

So saying, he again violently and vindictively rubbed his foot in the pool of ink, and then left the room in the care of a housemaid, who entered at that moment with soap, scrubbing-brush, and pail.

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"Misfortunes," as Manzoni observes, and as we must all have perceived, "love a *crowd*." When Mrs. Lindsay, flushed, trembling, and irate, entered the drawing-room, an object met her view, which rekindled her wrath, and fanned it into a far fiercer flame than before. A scrunching sound having attracted her attention, she looked in the direction whence it came, and there beheld Screech, the cockatoo, who, deprived of his habitual perch (which, by the bye, was obliged to be renewed every month), had been most industriously exercising his beak on two rosewood chairs and part of the wainscoting. The carpet was literally strewed with the proofs of his ill-directed energy. In an uncontrollable passion she darted at the bird, and knocked him down from a corner of the chair on which he had perched, and whence, coquettishly and (as she thought) mockingly, putting his head on one side, and glancing at her with his round, black eye, in his softest tone he said, "Cockatoo...."

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An instant convinced Mrs. Lindsay of her error; for Screech's vengeance (like Mazaroni's) "was sweeping as it was sure." With extended wings, and with his plume of yellow feathers rearing itself perpendicularly above his black and eagle beak — which, opening, showed a round and jetty tongue— he flew at his assailant, who screamed and yelled, and vainly tried to ward him off. Protecting her face with a cushion she caught up, she, for a moment, paused to take breath; when, to her unspeakable horror, she found Screech had dug his dreadful beak into her foot.

Visions of lock-jaw flitted before her mind —she kicked and roared in terror and in torture, but Screech was firm. The noise roused Fatima and her daughters from an adjoining room. They came — but, alas! only to Screech's aid! Luckily for Mrs. Lindsay, they were toothless, for they flew at her with all the warmth of injured and avenging friend-

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ship. At this moment a shadow darkened the French window, and Mrs. Lindsay loudly screamed "Murder!" and "Help!"

In vain—it was the incensed Grunter only, who, glad to see her in the power of the avengers, appeared not to hear her, and hastened on. Frantic with rage and pain, the cockatoo still clinging to his victim, Mrs. Lindsay forced open the French window, and darted into the gardens. In running, she fortunately shook off Screech—who, however, followed her with the resolute speed of a but half-finished vengeance. She limped along as fast as her wounded and bleeding foot would allow; and so eagerly, that, in running, he frequently pitched upon his beak. Screech waddled after her.

She had traversed the gardens thus, followed at a distance by the fat and whelping spaniels, and Screech gaining upon her at each moment, when, at the entrance of the meadow, a new and more terrible foe, roused

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by the commotion, broke from a tree, to which he was tied, and, rearing himself on his hind legs, making a butting movement with his head, and uttering a strange, outlandish noise, came towards her, looking, to her excited fancy, like the foul fiend himself let loose to torment her.

Her new assailant was no less a person than Capricorn, the cashmere buck—arrived that morning, and full of what, as she afterwards said, was "fun to him and death to her!" After rearing several times, and butting the air, as if for practice, he rushed after her; she fled, spite of her wounded foot, with miraculous speed; in vain, in vain: he gained upon her, he has reached her, he rears—she feels his fore-feet on her shrinking shoulders, she dares not look round—the next moment came a sharp butt from his horns, and she is prostrate on the grass. Too noble to persecute a prostrate foe, he repairs to peel the bark off of some valuable young trees, and

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leaves her to the affections of the spaniels and cockatoo, who have at length waddled up.

It was just as they reached her that her cries and groans attracted the attention of Miss Tibby and Annie, who were roaming in the meadow. Loudly calling the gardener, they valiantly hastened towards her. Capricorn, however, no sooner saw them than he darted towards them—loudly screamed Miss Tibby, who always hated him, "Awa', awa', yer the vary Deil himsel'—I ken ye weel!" He hastened towards her—upset Annie, who tried to protect her old aunt—Miss Tibby valiantly and in desperation caught him by the horns.

Now, indeed, was the scene an animated one. Miss Tibby's old-fashioned turban and front came off, and her white hair stood on end—for a minute or two she kept her hold of Capricorn's horns, and then she was suddenly flung close beside the groaning and shrieking Mrs. Lindsay. The gardener and

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his boy, now coming up, Capricorn was secured. Annie, unhurt, drew near with her aunt's turban and front, and removed Screech from a hold he had just got on Mrs. Lindsay's ear. Now there was a breathing space.

Both Mrs. Lindsay and Miss Tibby were more frightened than hurt; the latter slowly rose, exclaiming: — "A weel, a weel, Annie, where's my cop, lassie? it's weel it's na waur. How do ye find yersel', Mistress Lindsay?"

"Find myself!" exclaimed Mrs. Lindsay, rising, purple with passion, "I find myself half murdered, madam. Mr. Lindsay can do as he pleases, but I will no longer have my very life endangered by these pests of my brother-in-law's. I am sure I have endured enough, perhaps that fiend of a bird may cause me a lock jaw. My brother-in-law is welcome here in this his hour of ruin; but to expect me to put up with all his encumbrances, is too much."

"If it's me you mean, ma'am, you'll na

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lang be troubled wi' me," said Tibby, in indignant wrath. "I've shared my kinsmon's prosperity, and I'll share his adversity, but na under your roof, madam. Once acquent wi' this insult to Annie and mysel', he'll na trouble ye lang, I'm thinking. Come, Annie, we're here too lang, lassie. Incumbrances, indeed! incumbrances to a Miss Gubbs that was!"

Mrs. Lindsay, fearing the result of Miss Tibby's wrath, called after her in vain. The indignant spinster would not hear, and, reaching her own room, shut herself up there with Annie, to await Mr. Lindsay's return, that she might report the "awfu' insult she had received fra Mistress Lindsay," and urge his prompt removal.

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CHAPTER LVII.

"To thy false lover hie!
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there!"

BURNS.

Mrs. Lindsay was far from comfortable in her own mind, after her violent encounters with all her brother's pets and *protégés*. Certainly she had had great provocation, but Conscience whispered that before the receipt of the letter announcing his ruin, no carelessness or awkwardness of Grunter's, no injuries inflicted by the cockatoo on her furniture or herself, and no attacks of Capricorn's or the spaniels', would have provoked her to use a harsh word to Miss Tibby, or to Annie.

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She dreaded not merely the contempt of her brother-in-law, but the resentment of her husband. She at heart wished to be rid of Mr. Lindsay, Julian, and all his train; but the habit of conciliating and courting them all, made her feel strangely uneasy, at the recollection of the sudden and violent manner in which she had thrown off a yoke, till then so gladly worn!

Poor matchmaker! not only herself, but all her plans, had been suddenly upset. "However, how lucky that Augusta was not formally pledged to her ruined cousin! that there had been no actual offer, no positive engagement. People might think what they pleased, but no one had a right to say any thing. Of course, poor Julian was very much to be pitied, but he really had not behaved well. If he had married Augusta some months ago, some part of the fortune would, of course, have been settled on her, and he would not now be a beggar!..... No; on the whole he was

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very much to blame; it was a sad affair, but the sooner it was over, and Augusta engaged to Sir Peter, the better for all parties. There was no engagement, that was very lucky; Augusta had owned there was no positive engagement."

And this was the woman who for some weeks had rejoiced in the idea that it was quite a settled thing, and made all the mothers and daughters of her acquaintance writhe as she enumerated Julian's advantages. Augusta was standing at her window gasping for air, when Sir Peter drove up in his four-in-hand. The matchmaker hastened to her daughter's room.

"Where are you, my darling?" she said, "remember your promise; look at those beautiful greys, my child! Dear me! if there isn't poor Mrs. Evelyn, actually at the wash-tub!..... Oh, what a dreadful thing poverty is!... It would break my heart to see you in such a state as that ....., but, after all, no

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one can tell. I am not sure Sir Peter is to be had now. The paper this morning talks of him for the second daughter of Lord Dartmoor, the great beauty. Of course she would jump at such a match; who would not? He told me she was a very fine girl."

"When did he say that?" asked Augusta, anxiously, the prize she had spurned before becoming valuable the moment it seemed beyond her reach.

"Oh, yesterday. I thought he was going to ask my opinion about proposing to her. I am sure he was, but I deterred him by telling him in confidence that I thought you meant to refuse Julian."

"Do I not look very ill, mamma, wretchedly pale?"

"You do, indeed, my love; but come into my dressing-room; for once a touch of art may be forgiven!"

When Augusta entered the drawing-room, brilliantly beautiful, her colour was not all

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that was artificial about her; she assumed a gaiety and an indifference to Julian, and even a playful tenderness for Riskwell; she joked him about Lord Dartmoor's daughter; she played the jealous lady to perfection; she brought him to her feet, and had just accepted his renewed offer, and a splendid ring, when the equestrian party returned.

"Excuse me, now," she said, as she saw Julian's distant form, "I have much to do; my poor relatives require consolation. Farewell for the present."

"Farewell, beloved one! Nay, one kiss."

Augusta shuddered; but her accepted lover's lips touched her cheek. She felt a strange sickening sense of degradation and disgust, and, darting out of the French windows on to the lawn, she rushed into the shrubberies, as if she could hide away from herself.

It was agreed between Augusta, her mother, and Sir Peter, that the engagement

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should remain a secret to every one else, until the departure of the Lindsays, or, at least, of Julian. He, seeing Augusta's white drapery fluttering among the dark trees of the shrubbery, naturally supposed she was gone there in the hopes that he would follow her, and, with a lighter heart than he had known for some days, he prepared to do so.

But Augusta was pursued, not merely by Julian, but by a sort of terror at the irrevocable step she had taken, a sense of sickening shame for her meanness and deceit,

> "And all the deep and shuddering chill
> That follows fast the deeds of ill."

At that moment she dreaded to see Julian. She hid herself for some minutes (when she heard his well-known and still loved voice) in a sort of summer-house; and, when she fancied he had returned to the house, she hastened through the shrubbery, crossed a meadow, and darted into an adjoining wood. Here, yielding to her violent and long-sup-

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pressed feelings, and the horror excited by the sudden sparkle of her ring, her betrothing ring, as a sunbeam piercing the trees fell upon it, she threw herself on the ground, and wept bitterly.

It was at this moment that Julian, who had sought her in the wood, suddenly perceived her; his footsteps were unheeded on the soft and velvet-like grass, and, before she knew he was near, he was at her feet.

At those feet another had knelt a few minutes before, and as Augusta remembered this, and felt Julian's arm around her waist, she, for a moment, felt herself sunk beneath those wretches, whose necessities induce them to tolerate from more than one those caresses which are so valueless and degrading, if not exclusive.

"You weep: you are miserable, my own beloved one!" said Julian, wildly embracing her, "and you would fain hide your anguish lest you should increase mine. May Heaven reward you! my chosen, my true one!"

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"Leave me! leave me, Julian! This must not be; it is wicked, it is sinful!" And she tore herself from his embrace.

"Why so, sweet love? It is true, this sad revolution in my father's affairs may delay, but it cannot prevent our union. We shall be rich only in love, Augusta. I need no other wealth, my darling! Oh, it will be pride and joy to me to toil for you! I have health, energies—rusted by self-indulgence, perhaps, but not destroyed; talents neglected, but which love shall revive. I fear nothing, I care for nothing, now that I see that you love me still. I have a thousand plans, a thousand hopes. Idol of my heart! true, constant, generous one! you know not half the tenderness the wealth of love called forth by my father's ruin and your sublime constancy! No dangers can daunt, no distress overwhelm, no disappointments deter me. I will not pass my time now, even in the beguiling comfort of your presence. I go to struggle with men,

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but I cannot fail, your love has made me so strong. I shall soon come back to ask you to bless a cottage-home."

During this impassioned outpouring of the young lover's heart, Augusta at first had gazed on his graceful form, and the animated beauty of his perfect face, and contrasted it with the plebeian figure and snub features of her "affianced lover." As he proceeded, she hid her face in his hands, and wept violently.

Her tears were all of tender regret and self-reproach, until the words "cottage-home" reminded her of the real state of affairs. Then came back upon her mind the Evelyns' "cottage-home." Poverty, not in its graceful and poetical, but in its real and disgusting form—the sneers of others, the humiliation of her own ambitious heart, her mother's disappointment — yes, in that brief moment passed before her mind even the wretched repast, the miserable toilet, the gloom, the discomfort, and the hopelessness of a poor

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man's wife—no station, no rank, no carriage, on foot in all weathers. Alas! for a cottage-home!"

"Julian," she said, in a firm tone, "for your sake, as well as mine, all must be at an end between us. I love you, or rather I have loved you too sincerely, selfishly to cling to you when my doing so must drag you into the fathomless abysses of poverty, and prevent your ever rising again. Had I wealth, it should be yours; but, as it is, our engagement is ruin to both, and must be broken off. Reared in luxury, Julian, you have no experience of what poverty is. I have early recollections. Julian, let us part friends—all must end in that word!"

Julian started to his feet; he stood, pale, with clenched hands; and tears, he would have given his life to check, fast filling his eyes.

He asked, in a voice of suppressed emotion, "Did you ever love me, Augusta?"

"How can you ask so cruel a question?"

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said Augusta. "Perhaps if I had loved you less, I should be more ready to encourage you to your ruin."

"You loved me, and you desert me at such an hour as this! You are the first to teach me the dark moral and the cruel lesson of life. You leave me to struggle alone!—you withdraw (while all darkens around me) the lamp of Hope, held by the atoning angel of life—First Love! Be it so; farewell *for ever!* But weep not, kneel not, mourn not now, and keep for a wealthy hand, for one which can fill yours with treasures, that treacherous one I have so loved to call mine (she had sunk on her knees and offered her hand). Away, woman! you never loved me! Augusta, you are a hypocrite, that worst, that most accursed of hypocrites — a coquette!

"Other hypocrites smile, and fawn, and lie, and fondle, to win our wealth, our influence, our favour; but a coquette—she is a blacker hypocrite still, for she dissembles and

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sells her soul to win what is more than gold, more than life—the first love of a noble, trusting heart. With her detected treachery, away sweet confidence in what seems fair and true—away dear power of loving and of believing! Of this odious race you are the worst specimen, Augusta; for you are an *interested* coquette! Enough! cling not to me! kneel not to me! Henceforth we are strangers. I go into a cold, false world, to struggle with an unrelenting fate; but that world has nothing so cold, so false, so hollow, as her I have worn in my heart of hearts!—away, I say! How dare you extend to me a hand—on which glares the ring of another! Is not that ring the gift of him whom, in my prosperous hour, you rejected?—whom I have seen you scorn, heard you ridicule? You answer not, base, most base! But no, you are too mean for my curse.

"Grovel on, yea, even in wealth—in the wealth you have purchased at the price of

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all self-respect, at the price of the peace of a ruined man, who cared not what Fate seized, if she spared him you—grovel on in conscious infamy, woman of the vain head and marble heart! but, were I lying a beggar in a loathsome lazar-house, and were you the throned Queen of the universe, I should look, perhaps I may say, I *shall* look from my bed of straw to your palace-home, and feel that I am not all degraded, all a beggar, while I have escaped the contamination of a union with one so false, so base. Be happy! in other words, be *rich!* And so, farewell!"

His voice ceased; Augusta remained on the ground, her face buried in her hands; at length she looked up—he was gone.

The Rejected walked proudly from that fatal spot, deserted by her he loved, Ruin before him, Want tracking his footsteps, yet he looked confidently up to the intensely blue sky, and felt, as he gazed, that there was a God in the heavens above, watching over the

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wanderer of earth. The Rejecter—affianced to the rich man—she whom a few days would see possessed of all the goods this world can give its children—she watched till he was out of sight, and then she rose, her eyes dropping the vain tears of shame and unavailing regret, her form bowed, her head sunk on her bosom—and so she stole back, glided stealthily into the house, and threw herself, humbled to the dust, on the floor of her own room.

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CHAPTER LVIII.

"Oh! thou art the cause of this anguish, my mother!"
HAYNES BAYLY.

When Julian quitted Augusta, he felt too excited, too restless, to return to the Rectory; he wanted to be alone, to arrange his thoughts, to muse over his solitary fate.

He must leave, and that promptly, the Rose-garden of Epicurus; he must quit the Eden of the heart, to toil in the wilderness, and make the barren land fruitful—more desolate than our first father, for he is alone; no weeping Eve beguiles his lonely way. Alas! alas! in the first moment of astonishment and indignation, he had found some solace in the

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violent outpouring of his wrath; but that bitter satisfaction soon passed away — and a void, a deep sadness, and a sickening sense of loneliness, weighed upon his heart.

The wrench had been so sudden, every fibre bled. He knew not, till he lost her, how dear she had been to him, how entire had been his faith; and this hollow worldling he had known.....he could scarce remember the time when he knew her not! Whom could he trust, when *she* proved false? whom could he believe, when *she* had so deceived him?

He wandered on, he knew not, he cared not, whither. Wander where he would, he could meet nought like this — he had known the worst!.....He determined that very night to repair to London: he could not remain in *her* house; he could not be a burthen on his ruined father. No; he would rather toil to support him. Yes; he had a duty yet to bind him to life....and *she* — *she* was not worth one thought, one tear!..... No, that was

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true; yet twilight found him thinking of the False one still; and on his cheeks, livid with passion, were the traces of the bitter tears of slighted love.

Meanwhile, an animated scene had been going on at the Rectory. Grunter, Miss Tibby, and Annie, had preferred their several complaints in the presence of Mr. Lindsay, the Reverend Gregory, and his offending wife.

"Kinsmon," said Miss Tibby, as if conferring a great favour, "I've shared your wealth, and I'll nae shrink fra sharing your poverty. But Mistress Lindsay has reproached Annie and mysel with being incumbrances on her, and that I canna and I wunna be sae ony langer."

"Mrs. Lindsay," said the Reverend Gregory, addressing his wife, his usually mild eyes flashing fire, "what is this?—have you dared, under my roof, to insult the friends of my brother, in his hour of sorrow? speak, for, by

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Heaven, if you have, the same roof covers us no longer! I would not dwell with one so basely ungrateful—no, not....."

"You haven't heard both sides," sobbed Mrs. Lindsay. "You're always so ready to side against me!"

"Let me hear what you can urge in your defence," said her husband.

Mrs. Lindsay told her story so meekly, and so exaggerating the wounds and evils she had received, that Mr. Lindsay said:—

"Brother, urge this no further. Your wife regrets her hasty expressions, and Miss Tibby and Annie will, I am sure, forgive."

"I think, sir," said Grunter, "it is I who am the injured party; it is I who have been abused, reviled, and insulted, by Mrs. Lindsay....."

"You! what you, in whom she recognizes a near relation?"

"No longer now, sir; now that my fortunes fall with the ruin of yours."

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"What have you to say to this?" asked Gregory, sternly.

"I will make any apology," sobbed Mrs. Lindsay; "I am sure I meant nothing. I was always of a quick temper — too ready to speak my mind."

"I never knew that before," said Mr. Lindsay.

"Nor I," growled Grunter.

"Nor I," echoed Miss Tibby and Annie.

At this moment a note was brought to Mr. Lindsay; he read it, and turned pale.

"Julian has left us suddenly," he said; "he is gone to London." He looked sternly at the Matchmaker, who trembled. "I wish to speak with Augusta; let her be summoned."

Some minutes elapsed, and then Augusta came, pale, her eyes red and downcast, and her head bowed upon her breast.

"Augusta," he said, "Julian is gone!"

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Augusta uttered a faint shriek; her lips grew white, and she sank on a chair.

"Why? where?....." she murmured.

"Why!" said old Lindsay, sternly, "you perhaps can tell better than I can. Where, it can little matter to *you* to know; *you* have rejected him."

"Oh! no, no! she did not, she could not!" cried Ellen. "Speak, Augusta; you have not done it! he is not gone."

But Augusta spoke not; she cast an appealing glance at her mother; but the Matchmaker looked another way; she did not wish to be implicated in this, too.

"Yes, he is gone," said old Lindsay: "you have rejected him, because he was ruined. You have sent him with a broken heart to battle with a cruel world. Be it so! You have strewn his pillow with thorns, but God grant some gentle hand may pluck them away yet! In your own heart, I believe, you will find

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an undying one planted there by remorse. Brother, for all your kindness, I bless and thank you; but I must go hence now, and I return no more. In one hour, as a ruined man, I have learnt what years of prosperity could never have taught me. Come, then, all ye insulted ones, who will share my beggary; let us depart at once. I go to live in a foreign land, on the scantiest pittance, but I go, no longer deceived. Ellen, my weeping darling, farewell!"

"No! no!" shrieked Ellen, darting forward, and kneeling before him. "No farewell! — no farewell to me! Where *you* go *I* will follow you. I will be no burthen, no expense to you. I have some savings of your bounty, some gifts of your benevolence. I will be no burthen to you; but I will serve you, tend you, toil for—ay, if needful, beg, for you. But you shall not go forth into a foreign land, the very language of which you know not,

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without me. It was in a great measure owing to your generosity, beloved uncle, that I was enabled to acquire those languages, and shall I not employ in your service some part of the good you have conferred? Do you think me heartless, base, ungrateful? Oh, do not so wrong me!.....I will not rise till you say that you consent."

"Ah, Ellen! my matchless child, you know not what you ask. Can you bear the pilgrimage of Poverty? Can you put up with a temper soured by reverses? Can you forego, in the very dawn of your beauty, all opportunity of conquest, all hopes of admiration, to follow me and my poor friends, in a wretched journey to a remote region?"

"I can, I will! I shall be with you, uncle, happier, far happier by your side in a dungeon, than without you on the throne of the world. Father, mother, plead for me!"

The Reverend Gregory came forward. "Bro-

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ther," he said, "take her, and with her my blessing, and let her true heart and earnest love redeem this family in your opinion from the odious charge of black ingratitude you must prefer against it. I will accompany you to town. I little thought ever to see London again; but even I may be of some service. Be quick, then, my Ellen."

Mr. Lindsay raised Ellen, and clasped her to his heart; he wrung his brother's hand. "Fear not for her," he said; "I can yet collect enough from the wreck of my fortune to save her and all of us from want."

"But, brother, my purse is yours. Let me, in this the hour of your distress, repay some part of the great debt of obligation you have heaped on me and mine."

Mrs. Lindsay gave her husband a warning look, and, perceiving he heeded it not, under pretence of seeking for her handkerchief, contrived to tread on his foot, and press his arm, but in vain. He looked angrily up, and then

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reurged the offer, which, however, Mr. Lindsay declined.

"God will bless her, angel as she is, I'm sure," said Augusta. "I would have offered to go with you, uncle, but that, in travelling, every additional person is an additional expense, and nothing one could do could atone for that."

"No," said Mrs. Lindsay, who did not at all like to lose Ellen; "I am sure even Ellen will be much in your way."

"Silence, woman!" said the Reverend Gregory. "Ellen goes with her uncle."

"And you, dear friends," asked Mr. Lindsay, turning to Miss Tibby, Annie, and Grunter—"are you disposed to follow me in this sad exile?"

"I shared your prosperity," said Miss Tibby, heroically coming forward, "and I wunna desert you in your adversity."

Poor old thing! she seemed to think that she was doing him a great service by clinging

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to him, forgetful that dependents make the poor poorer!

"I shall help Ellen to work, to toil, to beg for you," sobbed Annie.

"*Will* help Ellen to work, to toil, to beg ....." growled Grunter.

"Will....." sobbed Annie.

"And," said Grunter, rising, and putting his best leg foremost, "I will follow you all over the world. Yes, sir, I will follow you .....as the accusative follows the verb."

"Farewell, then, Mrs. Lindsay," said the Ruined Man, extending his hand, as he saw that she was moved to tears—"Farewell! as you are Ellen's mother, I will say, sister. Yet I blame you not that, since our downfall, you have discovered we are valueless and full of defects. It requires a keener eye than yours to detect the fine painting, when no golden frame encases it; yet, one day, you will own we were, spite of our present state, *originals* indeed."

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Mrs. Lindsay had nothing to say; so she only wept, as did Augusta.

In two hours, the large travelling-carriage was at the door: the spaniels barked, the cockatoo screeched. Augusta and her mother wept (for Ellen was very dear even to their worldly hearts). Ellen's tears fell silently; she would not for worlds her uncle should have seen them. The Reverend Gregory donned his clerical great-coat and broad-brimmed hat. He had not been to London for twenty years! Away rolled the heavily-laden carriage.

Mrs. Lindsay and Augusta waved their hands and handkerchiefs, till the carriage was out of sight; and then old Lindsay put his arm round Ellen, and, straining her to him, said, "May God bless and reward you, Ellen!"

"Suppose we invite Sir Peter to tea?" said Mrs. Lindsay, to Augusta, when they were alone. "Come, there's no use in fretting! all is for the best. You must fix the day, you know — 'safe bind, safe find.' Poor Ellen!

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she must be an old maid, for there's no one abroad can marry her, I'm sure! Well, it's no fault of mine. What, crying still! how silly you are, Augusta!...."

"I am miserable," said Augusta. "Poor Julian!"

"Pshaw about Julian! He'd be poorer still with a crying wife and starving children! you ought to rejoice! You'll thank me, some day, my dear, for not letting you please your eye and plague your heart. There, don't spoil your looks! Go and dress. Here comes Sir Peter: how well he drives! Wait till you can be miserable in a coach and four. There, get ready—come, there's much to be done—it won't do to let him slip now. I'll amuse him while you dress—let him see no trace of tears! I cannot think what your uncle had a long *tête-à-tête* with him about. Ah, well! it doesn't much matter; he's gone now. I wish I could have kept my temper; but how could I see all those horrors eating me out

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of house and home? By the by, Capricorn (old demon) is to go back to Lindsay Park to-morrow — I declare I feel quite myself again."

Not so Augusta. Did she ever feel herself again? Oh! pitiless Matchmaker, what have you done?.....

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CHAPTER LIX.

"Happy, if full of days—but happier far
If ere we yet discern life's evening star.
Sick of the service of a world that feeds
Its patient drudges with dry chaff and weeds,
We can escape from custom's idiot sway,
To serve the sovereign we were born to obey."
COWPER.

The journey, though performed with four post-horses, was long, and but for Ellen would have been tedious. But Ellen possessed the rare art (an art, by the by, of all others, to be cultivated in woman) of cheering and enlivening others, even when there was nothing to animate or excite herself.

In large circles she was often silent; frequently at dinner-parties, the repartee her wit suggested, her modest reserve and good

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taste suppressed. She was a quick and humorous observer, had a rare insight into character, (for one so young) and read with a calm, and, therefore, unsuspected glance, the hidden motive, and the secret aim: she told an anecdote or a story with an arch and irresistible *naïveté*, and had a power of imitation, which, in one less truly and nobly amiable, would have made a confirmed mimic.

After the first sorrow of parting with her mother and sister was over, she devoted all the varied powers of her rich mind to the amusement of her uncle, whose ruin sate so lightly on his philosophical spirit, that he laughed as heartily as he had ever done when his wealth was boundless as his benevolence.

The Reverend Gregory, although professedly there, to keep his brother company, to counsel, and to assist, was soon, with a scholar's absent habit of mind, lost in learned reverie; and Grunter, the sham sage, not choosing to be outdone in so learned a charac-

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teristic, cast up his eyes, folded his arms, occasionally muttered to himself a Latin quotation, generally, (we blush to own it) not drawn from any deeper or more abstruse source than that Eton Latin grammar, by which so many years of his former life had been engrossed; and appeared quite deaf to all ordinary remarks, and blind to all common-place occurrences.

The Reverend Gregory had soon fathomed the shallow brain of the old usher, but respect for his brother, and a great dislike of giving pain, (even to a pretender) made him scrupulously conceal his opinion of Grunter's inferiority. It could only have been gathered from his resolution in avoiding all classical discussions with him, (in which, in truth, Grunter was very ready to assist him) and a something of overstrained modesty in the way in which he said occasionally, "We readers, and you writers;" implying, perhaps, that Mr. Grunter, though a writer, had not been

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much of a reader. But Mr. Grunter saw not this, (though Ellen did); he bowed with great pomp, and adopted the distinction only with the amendment of "we Philosophical and Historical writers, and you general readers," &c.

Annie was rejoiced at going to London, for it is, of all places, that where one has the best chance of meeting any body and every body; and who could tell how soon she might behold her heart's idol, her Alphonse De Villeneuve?

Annie, too, had a kind heart — a warm, grateful, Scotch heart. And, in order to please Mr. Lindsay, and console him under his altered circumstances, she had actually armed herself with her long-neglected Latin grammar, which she now conned as vehemently as a schoolboy while his mate is chastized. Her deference to Mr. Grunter was very gratifying, not only to his patron, but to that august egotist himself; and it was only after long ponderings with herself that she ventured on either *shall* or *will*, and then, alas!

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generally Reflection, as it so often does with us all, had served her worse than Chance.

Miss Tibby was pleased to think her influence had had so great and instantaneous an effect in removing the whole party; and so she talked and laughed, and told her best stories. The weather was beautiful; the country, in all the luxury of the summer prime; the hedges were full of woodbine, wild roses, and bindweed. And often the carriage was stopped for Ellen and Annie to gather the bright flowers which, like the joys we covet, and turn from the straight path to win, are so bright till we grasp them, and then seem so paltry, and fade so soon!....

The fields of corn already ripening, looked like Lilliputian armies with their golden spears; the cherry-orchards displayed their countless rubies, glistening among the dark green leaves. The neat cottages and trim gardens spoke of temporal comfort; and the old Church and venerable Parsonage of eternal peace;—the

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very donkeys, with their shaggy young by their side, munching the prickly thistle, contented and calm the while, like those step-children of fortune, to whom prickly cares, dull inaction, and wearing disappointment, are become so habitual, that they receive them as their due and daily food, and scarcely look for aught beyond; or, perhaps, more like Grunter, feeding on the ironical praise of some pungent review, and relishing it as truly as the poor donkey its favourite thistle; the ragged and sunburnt children sleeping among the hay (whose fragrance filled the air); the ceaseless song of the birds, the sunny sound of the bee's small horn, the arrowy flight of that winged gem, the dragonfly — all proclaimed the flush and prime of that season — no where, when beautiful, so variedly beautiful, as in merrie England.

As the weather was hot, and the party large, two were always on the box, and they took it by turns. To avoid fatigue they slept,

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and stopped to take their meals on the road; and the commencement of the Ruined one's exile became a delightful excursion, which all wished prolonged. It was pleasant to travel thus at fresh and fragrant morning; pleasant at sunny noon, pleasant in the cool and dewy eve; but it must end, as all pleasant things must, and happily all torturing and wearing ones, too. The intervals between town and town became shorter and shorter; brick-fields and enclosed ground let out on building leases, and half-finished houses, grew thicker and thicker. Dust and smoke began to darken the air; instead of fragrant hedges and green fields, were squalid beings and their wretched homes. Soon carriages of every kind, private and public, filled the road: the shops grew large and handsome; the people gayer and better dressed. And they beheld London black in the distance, as if mourning for all the sin and sorrow she is doomed to shelter.

"We go not now, my Ellen, to St. James's

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Square," said old Lindsay, fondly putting his arm round her waist: "we must go to some obscure lodging, where I can remain unmolested, till I have arranged all for my departure, saved from this wreck enough for the necessaries of life, and decided on the place of our final destination. I must see Julian, too; perhaps he will go with us into exile."

Ellen had raised her uncle's hand to her lips; he felt a tear fall upon it, but he perceived that, at his last words, she trembled violently.

"I think," he said, "that for to-night we had better go to some cheap family hotel in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden; Julian has desired me to address him at one of them. If we can make an economical arrangement, perhaps we may as well stay there till we sail."

"Economical!" ah, how Ellen's heart sickened to hear *him*, so long accustomed to wealth as to an element, talking of economy,

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in that cheerful voice, in his old age, too; the generous, of thousands, now doomed to calculate, to bargain, to dread, the expenditure of a pound more or less!"

How she rejoiced in the thought that she was with him!—that he was not alone in his altered destiny! — that he had beside him what no wealth could purchase — the loyal, the devoted heart of one who would die to serve him!

The Reverend Gregory, now fairly in London — London, which he had not seen for twenty years, and now saw to great advantage (for, like most of her daughters, London is a candlelight beauty), lighted with that essence of light, brilliant, dazzling gas—the Reverend Gregory, all sage and scholar as he was, gazed with the delight of a schoolboy on the animated, bright, and bustling streets, so contrasted with the only night-scenes he had been used to — scenes never illumined by aught brighter than the calm stars, the silver

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moon, the rushlight in a cottage-window, the lantern with which the gardener preceded him to some sick or dying parishioner, or the small lamp that lights that insect beau, the glow-worm, to a rendezvous with his ladye-love, in her harebell bower.

His exclamations of delight excited some contempt in Grunter's mind; for Grunter (ponderous oaf!) had no sense of the humorous. To him there was nothing interesting in Gregory Lindsay's surprise; his admiration of the throngs of "fair women and brave men;" his exclamations, his inquiries, and his child-like belief that all things were what they professed and seemed to be.

Pompously explaining the names of the streets and the buildings, Grunter pointed out his club, saying, "That is the *rendezvous* of men of literary eminence. *We* authors find it convenient to have a place where we can meet, to discuss deep and important subjects."

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"I should like to belong to it, of all things," said the Reverend Gregory. "Is it select?"

"*I* should not be a member, were it not," replied Grunter, who was aware it had never been known to reject any one. "One ought to have done something to entitle one . . . however, I think *my* influence might secure your admission."

Gregory Lindsay smiled.—A select club, where Grunter had influence!—He was not new enough to believe that—there was something shrewd in him, after all!

Wearied with a long day's journey, yet sorry it was over, our party alighted at the hotel, Covent Garden. Mr. Lindsay wrote a note to his son, who, however, did not appear that evening. Ellen presided at the tea-table, which she enlivened by a hundred playful remarks on the quaint furniture, the old-fashioned room, and tea-service, the odd waiter, and antediluvian chamber-maid. But all was new. Covent Garden was like ano-

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ther world to the inhabitants of St. James's Square.

Grunter imitated Dr. Johnson in drinking countless cups of tea. Ellen's arm ached with pouring it out of a very heavy and unmanageable teapot; and Annie was half dead with cutting his bread and butter with a knife blunt as himself.

But mirth and good humour prevailed. Ellen was like a perpetual sunbeam; — there could be no gloom where Ellen smiled. At length the protracted repast was over, and the pilgrims repaired, with many misgivings, to their respective beds.

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CHAPTER LX.

O, how much more doth Beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament that truth doth give;
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem,
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
Shakespeare's Sonnets.

None of the party could boast of a particularly good night, but all of course forbore to allude to the cause of disturbance each had secretly to complain of. Grunter, alone, who appeared bearing dreadful marks of recent encounters with nameless foes, his eyes nearly closed by the swelling of the lids — Grunter, alone, ventured to declare that, during their stay in town, he must find himself another abode. To this no one particularly objected, and, as he was not inclined to incur any ex-

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pense, he resolved to ask his friend, Fitzcribb, to receive him for a day or two.

None much liked the neighbourhood Mr. Lindsay had chosen, but all but Grunter had too much tact and delicacy to make any positive complaint. Yet, when after long sleeplessness, caused partly by noises from without, partly by horrors from within, the dawn saw slumber weigh the weary lids of the pilgrims, all were roused by the sudden uproar and excitement of the arrival of the whole vegetable and many of the animal world in Covent Garden Market. Peace and sleep were then no more; and, after many vain efforts, all rose and proceeded to the breakfast-room. Miss Tibby was silent and mysterious about the night she had passed, and only observed—

"London is vastly inferior to Edinbro,' kinsmon, in the comfort of its hotels. My rest has nae been a'thegither what I could wish; for a' that, I mak nae complaint, it is na my custom, and was na in my younger

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days. I've met wi' some disturbances which shall be nameless."

Annie was sleepy and silent; the Reverend Gregory but half awake; Mr. Lindsay, all urbane, inquiring about every one; and Ellen alone entirely taken up with him, his health, his rest, quite careless of her own accommodation, resolute in shaking off all indications of her wretched and sleepless night, cheerfully pointing out all that could interest in the varied groups to be seen from the windows, praising the luxuriant cart-loads of fruit, vegetables, and flowers, and trying to conceal the fact that, instead of the fragrant odours that might have been expected, a very strong and odious smell of cabbage-leaves and old stalks found its way into the room, the bad, being, as in all things, so much the stronger and more intrusive of the two powers struggling for admission.

Mr. Lindsay watched with tender interest Ellen's cheerful and endearing endurance of

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all these minor trials: they are, after all, the real tests of a generous, a patient, and self-sacrificing nature. We can all rouse ourselves for great disasters: there is a self-applause, which sustains us in an heroic combat with a grand misfortune; but the hero who rushes to battle, who leads a forlorn hope, or braves a death-wound, fearless and collected the while, may be roused to wrath and irritation by the repeated attacks of that light infantry of the air, a swarm of gnats. A monotonous street-organ, or a ceaseless bagpipe, may drive him half frantic, or the intrusion of a villanous odour upset his equanimity.

Breakfast over, Grunter set out to visit the Fitzcribbs, taking the Reverend Gregory with him, as the latter wished to be directed to some cheap book-stalls. Mr. Lindsay remained within, expecting his son, and beguiling the time with a newspaper; and Annie, Miss Tibby, and Ellen retired to their rooms to prepare for a walk.

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Annie had followed Ellen into her chamber, and was arranging her hair before the glass, looking at the same time occasionally from the windows, when suddenly a faint scream escaped her. Ellen, in alarm, looked at her; she saw her colour vary from white to crimson; the comb fell from her nerveless hand, and she shrieked, "There he is!—there he is!" and then, sinking on a chair, burst into tears.

Ellen, surprised and alarmed, looked in the same direction, and beheld Julian! Her own heart stood still, her own colour came and went, and it was some moments before she perceived that by his side was Alphonse de Villeneuve! However, she had no doubt that Annie's emotion arose from the sight of Julian.

Full of her own predilection, and prepossession, it never occurred to her for a moment to suppose that any other could interest when Julian was by. Her own feelings did not

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prevent her taking a deep and earnest interest in poor Annie, and, with a woman's rapidity of thought, she in a moment conceived and discarded a suspicion that Julian had wished to excite the interest and win the affection of this young and impressionable creature. No thought of Alphonse occurred to her.

Deeply sympathizing with poor Annie in her own kind heart, and not having a hope to hold out to her, she wisely and delicately appeared to attribute her emotion to the natural sorrow of seeing Julian under his altered circumstances. Betrayed and discarded by the woman he loved, poor, hopeless, and on foot; he, once the admired, the courted, the wealthy, who was wont, from the gallant steed or elegant equipage, to look so joyously up to Augusta's window; his garb the *beau ideal* of gaiety and elegance, his eyes, so full of hope and life, his black hair waving, his shining jetty moustachio, contrasting with his red lips and dazzling teeth; his whole person an

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incarnation of Youth, Beauty, Elegance, Wealth, and Hope! Tears, large tears, slowly filled Ellen's eyes.

There is something inexpressibly affecting in a total change in the dress, air, and demeanour of one we love, when we know that alteration arises from some dreadful change of circumstances, some withering sorrow of the heart, or, as in Julian's case, from both. Ellen's rapid glance sufficed to show her that Julian's costly elegance of attire was changed for the plainest and most unassuming of garbs; her heart swelled as she fancied that, perhaps, for the sake of getting some employment, he had been obliged to change the fashionable into the respectable. Often had Ellen teased Julian about his long hair, and still more about his moustachios, which her correct taste told her were, however becoming, quite unjustifiable in any but a military man; often had she begged him to remove them; often had she quizzed him for his vanity in persisting

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in wearing them; often had she earnestly wished to convince him of the folly and impropriety of an appendage which, but for the costly elegance of all his appointments, would have given him even a scampish appearance. And now they were gone, and she could have bewailed their loss. Gone, too, were the flowing locks: pale, his hat pulled over his brows, so quietly dressed, and with a step and manner so subdued, no eye but that of love would have recognised him.

He formed a strange contrast with De Villeneuve, who was more *outré*, more elaborately elegant than ever, and whose vehement action, rapid articulation, and eager foreign manner, made Julian's mournful reserve the more apparent.

Ellen wiped away her tears, and nerved herself for the meeting; and Annie, who was of an age when all are unconscious votaries of Hope, rushed to her own room, to choose a more becoming dress; smoothed and plaited

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her profuse auburn hair, and arrayed herself to meet De Villeneuve in a new white robe, whose rose-coloured ribbons matched her burning cheeks, and were the livery all her feelings might be said to wear, now that *he* was come.

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CHAPTER LXI

"Adversity may mark a brave man's face,
But in his bosom she shall never come
To make his heart her vassal."

Anthony and Cleopatra.

Ellen found Julian in earnest conversation with his father, and De Villeneuve standing apart in the recess of a window, as if anxious to hear nothing, but in reality gathering in every word uttered on either side with his large, pliant, French ear.

Julian was calm, pale, and resolute; on his fine features was the dignity of a recent triumph over Passion and Despair; to Ellen, in the palmiest days of his wealth and beauty, never had he seemed, as now, an object wor-

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thy of reverence as well as love. She felt not only that she was in what Sterne so beautifully calls "the venerable presence of Misery," but in that of an august fortitude, and a touching tenderness, which turned from all selfish sorrow, to dwell on that of all, whose fate was involved in the blow which had ruined his peace.

The calm and unimpassioned Ellen (as people usually called her—"wise judges are we of each other") grew deadly pale with intense emotion; her voice failed her, her knees trembled, and, had she yielded to the impulse of her feelings, she would have knelt, weeping, at the feet of that ruined and blighted man, the rejected, the jilted lover of her sister. De Villeneuve perceived that, all-engrossed by her cousin, Ellen was not even aware of his presence; and his eyes flashed, and he ground his teeth, and his heart breathed a few curses, as he looked at that young pair, as Satan might have looked at the first lovers. But he calmed

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himself by adjusting his moustachios with an almost ferocious energy, passing his hands convulsively through his long hair, and taking repeated pinches of snuff from his elegant box.

A flush of pleasure, or, at least, of emotion, crossed Julian's pale features, as Ellen hastened towards him; he caught her to his breast in an earnest and involuntary embrace, as he said, "Heaven bless you, beloved, beautiful, Ellen, that you have not forsaken my poor father in an hour like this! And are you really, really going to share his exile, to doom yourself to a penurious solitude for an indefinite period, and to renounce all the bright destinies that await so much excellence and beauty?"

"There is no destiny to me so bright as the cheering his solitude, Julian."

"There can be no destiny so bright as that of a solitude cheered by Miss Ellen Lindsay," said De Villeneuve, approaching. "I must

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introduce myself," he added, "else I see I shall be quite overlooked."

Some general conversation now ensued, uninterrupted till Annie entered. She looked so blushingly pretty, and so enchanted at the sight of Alphonse, that, his self-love requiring some balm after Ellen's indifference, he contrived, while the others talked together, to draw her into conversation, in the course of which, they somehow migrated to the farthest window. In the mean time, old Mr. Lindsay asked his son what his plans were, and whether he would accompany them abroad.

"No," said Julian—"no; I have much to do, much to combat. I must make myself a destiny, I must carve my own fortunes, for your sake, as well as mine, father, with a steady hand. I wish, indeed, I could join you, but

"'Shame on the coward thought that e'er betrayed
The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade!'

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Do not ask me of the details of my plans; suffice it that their object is to support myself and to aid you. I have parted with all vain appendages that were entirely my own, and, after keeping enough for my present need, I can offer you two hundred pounds. It seems little, dear father, considering the expensive baubles I once boasted; but buying and selling are two things. It may aid you in the outset of your pilgrimage, till I can do more for you. And now tell me where you are going, and what you mean to do."

As he spoke, he put the notes into his father's hands. The father hesitated; the son insisted.

"I am strong and resolute, sir," he said—"I am not the ignorant and idle fool that I have seemed. I shall be able, with God's assistance, to help you more efficiently, and, perhaps, in time to visit you in your exile. Where are you going?"

"A great way off, my dear boy. A ready-

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furnished villa, with servants, &c., has been offered to me by an English gentleman, at a cheap rate, in a remote village, or rather town, of Switzerland, called Winterthur."

"Winterthur! a very chilling name," said the young man. At this moment Mr. Grunter returned. "I never heard of Winterthur before," continued Julian. "What sort of place is it?"

Grunter glided out of the room.

"I believe it is a pretty place, cheap, and retired," said old Lindsay—"a good place for a family like mine; rather dull for Ellen and Annie; but they will get used to it. Young flowers bear transplanting better than old trees. But I dare say we shall do very well there."

At this moment Grunter entered.

"How far is it from Zurich?" asked Julian.

"Of what place are you speaking?" said Grunter.

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"Of Winterthur," replied Julian.

"Of Winterthur?" said Grunter, appearing for a moment to ponder. "Oh! Winterthur is, if I remember, a small town, Protestant canton of Zurich; population about two thousand, chiefly mercantile; watered by the Teuse; articles of commerce are cotton, pine timber, wine, hides; good cattle-market; fine library, and, in the church of St. Lawrence, a noble and unique organ."

It is not necessary to say that Grunter, during his exit, had consulted a pocket gazetteer he carried in his portmanteau. Mr. Lindsay looked pleased and awed at his old usher's correct geographical knowledge, and Julian and Ellen repressed a smile at the *ruse* they detected.

Grunter, after deliberately mending all the old pens, stiff with congealed ink, in the large standish of black wood, having nothing more to say on the subject, went out on pretence of seeking Gregory Lindsay. Old Mr. Lindsay

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then announced his intention — having, as he said, arranged his affairs as well as he could — of setting off the next day for the Rhine, *via* Rotterdam; and Julian agreed, in consequence, to stay and dine with his father for the last time, for none knew how long a period.

De Villeneuve contrived to be included in this invitation; for although all, except Annie, would have preferred his absence, there was a benevolence of politeness in old Mr. Lindsay, which made it almost impossible to him to exclude even an intruder. And now he joined the group, basking in Ellen's sunny smiles; and Miss Tibby, with whom the French count was a great favourite, came in. Julian forced himself to seem cheerful, and to talk of the future with hope; and the exquisite sweetness of Ellen's voice, the charms of her face, and the grace of her figure, struck him forcibly, for the first time, as he saw her seated, like a duteous daughter, at his ruined father's feet, or hovering about him like a ministering angel,

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But that lovely girl recalled the false one, so long deemed lovelier still. His heart seemed like a ruined temple. Time must do its effacing, yet restoring, work, ere another idol could be placed in its deserted shrine. Still the idea had been admitted — admitted only to be rejected; yet admitted still, like a ray of sunshine, into the wretch's dungeon: the darkness closed in as before, but the light had been there, and the captive knew where he was, and what surrounded him.

It was a strange day, that spent by the ruined family, on the eve of their exile. Mr. Lindsay went out alone for a time to get passports, and to arrange with his lawyers all his melancholy affairs. Miss Tibby proceeded to various shops, to lay in bargains, having no idea of any thing worth buying in foreign parts. De Villeneuve was resolved to revel to the last in the, to him, inexpressible charm of Ellen's conversation, which, however, was addressed chiefly to Julian, while Annie sat

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at a distance, watching him with admiring love. It was a curious thing, that, on the wretched morning of the day of Julian's final rejection by Augusta, he had received a letter from his clear-sighted friend, urging him, if refused by the coquettish damsel, to come at once to him and Zelie. It more than hinted at the hopeless but passionate love for him (Julian), which was bringing that gifted and beautiful being to an early grave, and ended with the earnest but not very delicate appeal of a brother on behalf of a broken-hearted sister. Julian was not a selfish character, and, even in his own bitter and sudden disappointment, he, nothing doubting, pitied the kindred woes of poor Zelie.

On the day of his arrival in London, after the disagreeable task of arranging his affairs, and parting with sundry valuables, unwilling to be seen and recognized by those who knew not of his father's ruin, he proceeded to a remote foreign hotel, where he had sometimes

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dined with De Villeneuve, there to take his solitary repast.

The first person he saw on entering the coffee-room was De Villeneuve himself, who had left Zelie at Hastings, and proceeded to London on some private business of his own. He welcomed Julian with apparent rapture; heard the tale of his rejection with well-assumed sympathy, and was adroitly leading the way to Zelie's unhappy state, when Julian suddenly exclaimed —

"Alphonse, if I could love again, what would it avail? Heaven grant you may be wrong, and that your gifted and lovely sister has not fixed her young affections on a broken-hearted and a ruined man!"

"Ruined! that is a strong term to use, Julian; say disappointed, rather."

"No, Alphonse — ruined! ruined in fortune! But lucky that that ruin has revealed to me of what base clay was the woman I so worshipped! I am an altered man, Alphonse.

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My heart seems well-nigh broken, but my spirit is strong. I will not give a false, worldly coquette, the triumph of dying for her. I have a father; immense and unfortunate speculations have ruined him. I may have to toil for his support, as I certainly shall for my own; for I have talents, energy, and the world, before me. But that is a poor prospect for any woman who loves me."

The first expression of Alphonse's peculiar face was horror; the next, bitter disappointment and blank dismay. However, he forced himself to express the deepest sympathy, and won from Julian all the details of the whole affair; the projects and intentions of his family, as far as he knew them, and his own melancholy prospects of penurious toil.

Many of De Villeneuve's questions, Julian (who, from delicacy towards his father, had asked no details of his losses) was unable to answer. Nothing could exceed the almost angry surprise of the Frenchman, which ended

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in a burst of tears, the secret of which might be found in the failure of some hopes of his own, rather perhaps than in Julian's ruin. However, he embraced him, on parting, with a vehemence in which rage was probably more concerned than affection; but Julian, deceived by his tears and his hugs, believed him to be that truest of friends, the friend of the Ruined.

De Villeneuve joined him the next morning at breakfast, to learn, if possible, more particulars; and came with the joyful intelligence that a letter from Zelie had undeceived him, and that her admired friend Julian was not the object of her love.

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CHAPTER LXII.

"Had I a cave on some wild distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar —
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more."

BURNS.

A bitter smile passed over Julian's face, while De Villeneuve, with great apparent exultation, announced his discovery.

"I suspect," he said, "that there are few women whose love would survive the total ruin of one's fortunes."

"Ah! my dearest friend, that would make no difference to Zelie. In fact, she does not know it; it was all my mistake — a mistake

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engendered by my great and blinding anxiety to call my bosom friend a brother — we so easily believe what we devoutly wish; but is it not fortunate I was wrong? Your broken fortunes, Zelie, had she loved you, would have exerted herself to the utmost to bind; but she would have had little courage, I fear, to attempt the hopeless task of binding a broken heart, and of rebuilding your ruined hopes."

"It is better as it is," said Julian.

"I am so grieved, so deeply grieved, friend of my heart, that in your distress I have no power to assist or to comfort! Ah! friendship has its pleasures, but it has its tortures, too, and this is one. Alas! at this moment I am quite destitute! In the rash hope of assisting my friend, I yesterday ventured my all—at least, the little all which remained to me of Zelie's benefit; and she is now ill and in need, while I am too destitute to assist her, and, what, on my honour, grieves me more, to aid you."

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"Nay," said Julian, "speak not of it! I have sold all my useless baubles, large and small; and after devoting two hundred pounds to my poor father's use, and reserving enough to equip myself during my approaching battle with Fate, I can yet gladly assist you and poor Zelie."

And Julian put a bank-note into De Villeneuve's hand. The latter drew out his handkerchief, and sobbing, said, "I would not accept it, if I did not hope to make it instrumental in serving you. Julian, your ruin weighs like a curse upon my spirit. In my own blighted hopes and shattered fortunes (even when most desolate, and desponding myself), I could still feel comfort and take pride in your happier destiny. What is to be done? Your honoured father seems to have told you little, nothing indeed, but that he is ruined. Shall I, my beloved friend, much as my delicate nature shrinks from the task, endeavour to ascertain the particulars of this terrible downfall?"

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"Not for worlds," said Julian, "not for worlds would I seek from others those details my father has chosen to withhold. I thank you, Alphonse; I feel your generous offer, but I cannot avail myself of it, and would not for worlds."

"Alas! who can tell what plans and hopes might be suggested, if the whole state of affairs were known!"

"My father, Alphonse, is a far more experienced and better man of business than either of us. If nothing suggests itself to him, be sure nothing can be done."

"Still——."

"Still, if it could, I would not steal into the confidence he has not freely granted me."

"There is nothing in the papers about it, Julian. He is not publicly a bankrupt."

"Oh no, thank Heaven! all his speculations were private. But let us drop the subject."

"One word: my prophetic affection for you

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told me Augusta was heartless, but Ellen..... has Ellen any fortune? Ellen is of a devoted nature, I am sure. Now, is not Ellen attached to you?"

"No, and if she were, I would not take advantage of her affection to reduce her to beggary. She is a noble, generous creature, but I have done with love.—'Man delights not me, nor woman either.'"

"Ah, that will not last. Has she the needful? Forgive the officious interest of friendship."

"No; she has little or nothing. All her expectations dissolve with my father's fortunes. Now, come with me to call on them."

The conversation we have just recorded took place before Julian and De Villeneuve repaired to the hotel in Covent Garden, where the family had taken refuge. The day they spent there was one of mournful pleasure, although occasionally disturbed and diversified

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by the plans and arrangements necessary, on the eve of a prolonged departure from one's native land.

In these, De Villeneuve was all readiness to assist, officious to please, and eager to oblige. The French lion, the exalted sentimentalist, and the romantic poet, was enchanted at being allowed to go to the neighbouring shops to purchase any trifles which Miss Tibby, Ellen, or Annie fancied they might need. Patiently and zealously did he assist in making up parcels, writing notes and directions, and arranging a future correspondence with the family. Screech and the spaniels—for they were of the emigrating party—they too came in for a share of his forethought; and Miss Tibby was so delighted with some preventions against sea-sickness with which he provided her, that she declared he "jist remembered her o' Donald o' the brae, when she was packing up to gang fra' the Grange to Edinbro'."

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Mr. Grunter had not been very well received at the Fitzcribbs, so he was obliged to return to his old quarters. When the inconsiderate egotist requested to be accommodated with a bed (a bed in the small lodgings of that numerous family !), he heard that Mrs. Fitzcribb had just presented Mr. Fitzcribb with a pledge which was to eclipse the whole family, and be named "Shakespeare." To provide for this young grandee, poor Fitzcribb had to toil night and day; he had no time for Grunter.

Mrs. Fitzcribb, of course, did not appear. Poor Corinna had left her wretched home, to live as companion and amanuensis with a blue stocking of rank; Milton was become sub-usher in a school; and all the rest were too much engrossed with the new baby, and the jealous, fretful Benoni, to pay much attention to Mr. Grunter, particularly when he revealed that he came to ask favours, not to confer them.

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In fact, Mr. Fitzcribb was not at heart very much pleased with the conduct of the "Man" whom he, to use his own expression, had "made." He thought he had behaved rather shabbily about the profits of "The Philosophy of History and the History of Philosophy;" and he was not a little jealous of the idol he himself had raised: for, alas! no work, professedly his own, had had a tithe of the success which Grunter's had realised. After a brief conversation, he excused himself for continuing an article he was obliged to complete by a certain time, would not enter into any conversation on the merits of Grunter's work, or the probability of a second edition; and ere long saw, to his great delight, the Lion, after a few low growls, take his leave.

Grunter shuddered, and accelerated his pace, as he saw Mr. Jobb driving up to his own door. At the recollection of his lancet, the blood forsook Grunter's cheeks, and his knees knocked together; and certainly, had

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he been within arm's reach of his *ci-devant* patient, the practitioner would have considered himself justified in laying violent hands upon him, in carrying him into his surgery, and commencing operations.

On his return, Grunter found the Reverend Gregory still spell-bound at the bookstall; he had already purchased a pile of old classics, on whose worm-eaten covers were pasted broad white papers, with the proud name of the book and its author, and the humble price 1*s*. Grunter, not at all inclined to assist in bearing the burden of so much knowledge, and having already perceived that Gregory was no adept at crossings—indeed he had narrowly escaped being run over—proposed the calling a cab. Gregory, still lost in an old classic, nodded to Grunter, Grunter to a cabman, the cabman to a waterman, and in two minutes Grunter, Gregory, and the old books were deposited in a cab, which departed, followed by the curses of the water-

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man, to whom Grunter had churlishly refused a penny. Gregory would have bestowed one; but, when recalled to the actual world, he found, after a long fumbling in all his pockets, that he had spent all his loose coin at the bookstall; and, while standing there, had been relieved, by some light-fingered passenger, of his pocket-book, snuff-box, and handkerchief!

For a few minutes, his dismay was very great, for the pocket-book contained some bank-notes he had intended to force on his brother's acceptance; or, if that were impossible, to entrust to Ellen, for the use of the family, in case of need. Added to his own distress was the *matrimonial* fear of what Mrs. Lindsay would say, she having resigned these notes to him with a very bad grace, with an assertion that she was quite sure "his brother had plenty of money left," and her favourite remark, that "charity begins at home."

Grunter's distress equalled, nay, perhaps surpassed, the Rector's, for of the lost sum he

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felt that he would certainly have had a share; and now, means must be raised among them to send poor Gregory back in safety to his own Moss Grove, for London was no place for the simple, absent, and unsuspecting old parson.

Mr. Lindsay heard the distressing narrative with great philosophy, and, to Grunter's dismay, borrowed of him enough to transmit his brother in safety to his home.

Night found Julian and De Villeneuve still at the Covent Garden hotel, and the former almost marvelled at the feeling of sudden and intense regret with which he now contemplated the departure of the beautiful and devoted Ellen. Even De Villeneuve, spite of her altered fortunes, felt an ardent wish to follow her into exile, and found no comfort but in the hope that the eloquent and impassioned letters he meant to write, under the sanction of Friendship, might, in her remote solitude, awaken an interest in her heart, and, then, as he was of a school which has no faith

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in woman's virtue, when opposed to woman's love, if she was indeed penniless, and he accompanied Julian in a visit to her cold and dreary retreat, who could tell what the Platonic lover might become, "*car après tout,*" he said to himself, "*ce n'est qu'une femme.*"

In the mean time, he was far from inclined to yield his place in the devoted heart of the pretty Annie. He had had, during this parting day, several long conferences with her, the result of which will be revealed ere long.

Midnight still found our party assembled, all but Miss Tibby, who had retired at last, and Mr. Grunter, who had resolved, to every one's dismay, to pass the night on the sofa, from which already issued a sound between the grunt of a pig and the braying of an ass, but which Mr. Lindsay observed was the lion's roar, or rather snore.

When twelve o'clock struck, Mr. Lindsay insisted that all should retire, and Julian and De Villeneuve secured beds in the same hotel with the rest of the family.

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Morning came, clouded and rainy, as if Nature sympathised with the poor exiles. Screech, for whom a new travelling-cage had been purchased by De Villeneuve, was awake betimes. It was long before any efforts could get him into his new abode, and before he was housed he had severely bitten two waiters, who, of course, required ample compensation. Fatima and her daughters, unused to such early hours, were cross and snarling. Miss Tibby, at the last moment, "did na jist like the thoughts o' that great monster, the say, a-tossing for ever aboot, and ready, at a moment's warning, jist to swallow them all up." Grunter was in a wretched humour, for the sofa had not proved more propitious than the bed. Poor Gregory, who now seemed, for the first time, actually alive to the reality of his brother's and Ellen's exile, wept like a child.

De Villeneuve was pale, solemn, dressed in black, and eloquently tragic. He asserted

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that he had not slept, and produced a poem, on which he said he had spent his night, addressed "*Aux Exilés.*" Julian felt very desolate; Annie and Ellen could not choose but weep; and no one was calm or smiling but "the ruined man" himself.

Before they set off, Ellen had received a letter from her mother, half fond, half angry —now lamenting her departure, now scolding her for her folly; now pointing out that her exile was for an indefinite time, and her perpetual spinstership inevitable; now ordering her, on pain of a mother's malediction, never to encourage any foreigner, or any idea of the ruined Julian, but, to make the best of so bad a business, to improve her health, her beauty, and her accomplishments in the mountainous seclusion she was hastening to; and as soon as ever Augusta was settled, and could invite her to stay with her, to find some plausible excuse for leaving so remote and hopeless a retreat.

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"There are some things," she said, in conclusion, "which I must impress upon your mind. I am pressed for time now, but I will write more at length when I hear of your arrival at your odious place of destination. The chief things are, you must have your very long hair carefully cut, as change of climate often injures this great natural ornament, which, with you, is of such rare beauty. Again, you must beware of all the odious sour wines of the Continent, as they ruin the complexion, and destroy the teeth. You must make a point of riding and cold bathing. Perfect yourself in French, German, and Italian conversation, but do not pore over books and grammars. To speak these languages well is a brilliant accomplishment (very likely as foreigners are unluckily received in good society), to captivate and dazzle; but I see no good in writing these tongues; there are models enough for notes of invitation, etcetera; and I am sure no Englishman would like you

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the better for corresponding or being able to correspond with foreigners.

"I am sadly disappointed in you, Ellen: but, if you turn this seclusion to good account, as you are still so young, it may not affect your destiny, after all. Beware of catholics. I fear you are imaginative and impressionable. It would break my heart to hear of your turning papist. There are very few good catholic matches in England, to say nothing of the disgrace of going from light into darkness. Keep this letter by you, and, remember, it is written in confidence. Let me hear directly you have safely passed the water.

"Augusta joins me in best love to you and your uncle, and I am ever your anxious, affectionate, and unhappy mother,

"PETRONEL LINDSAY.

"Moss Grove Rectory.

"Take care not to get tanned, wear a green veil, and provide yourself with Kalydor and Macassar Oil. I hope you have your Bible and Prayer Book."

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Two damp and dirty hackney-coaches conveyed our travellers to the Custom House. Julian and De Villeneuve saw them on board the old Dutch-built Batavier. Gregory could scarcely tear himself from the embrace of Ellen and his brother. Julian promised to see his uncle safe into the stage-coach that was to convey him to Moss Grove. De Villeneuve claimed the foreign privilege of embracing Miss Tibby, Ellen, and Annie. Sobs, and farewells, and promises of writing were drowned in the excited screams of Screech (whose yellow crest was perpendicular with anger and surprise), and the yells and barks of the spaniels.

In the midst of all this uproar, the bell rang, the deck was cleared, the rain fell, so did the tears of the exiles. They watched the boat that bore away Gregory, Julian, and De Villeneuve—they waved their handkerchiefs, till distance shrouded them from their view; and then Ellen drew near her uncle,

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and, taking his hand, whispered, "Thank Heaven, I am with you, dearest uncle! Go where you will, it shall be my earnest and dearest wish and endeavour to make exile seem like home."

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CHAPTER LXIII.

"And has that fickle heart been caught
By baubles such as those around you?
This chain of gold—is this the one
In which your newer love has bound you?

Go, queen it in the lighted hall—
Be there the gayest and the brightest;
Soon worlds were little to recal
What now in vanity thou slightest.

L. E. L.

The Lindsays had scarcely been gone a month, when Augusta gave her hand to Sir Peter Riskwell. The Matchmaker was in a fever of hurry and anxiety until the ceremony had been actually performed; for Augusta had many relenting misgivings. She changed colour whenever Julian's name was alluded to; her buoyant spirit forsook her, and a feeling (the most destructive of all others

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to peace of mind), a feeling of self-contempt, preyed upon her heart. Perceiving this, or rather perceiving the effect, and considering the cause to be a weak, and, in her opinion, a disgraceful attachment to a ruined man, the mother, alarmed, when she remembered that Julian was still in England, eagerly hurried on the marriage.

Dazzled by the large allowance Sir Peter proposed to make, it escaped Mrs. Lindsay that the intended settlement was not even alluded to. True, as Augusta had now no prospect of any fortune of her own, the Matchmaker, had she perceived it, would have feared to insist; for Sir Peter was not so urgent as he had been; he was grown somewhat gloomy, and, during the month that succeeded the departure of Ellen, he only paid an occasional hurried visit to Moss Grove.

However, the Reverend Gregory was a child in all these matters. Sir Peter's presents were many and costly; there was little

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in the way of a *trousseau* required in addition to the splendid ornaments, rich satins, laces, velvets, and cashmeres, he lavished. He wished the wedding to be private; two young country friends of Augusta's officiated as bridemaids.

Augusta, spite of all her finery, was pale and trembling; but her mother was elate and busy. It was strange that that wedding did not recal the daughter pining in India, or the young bride sleeping in the very churchyard through which the bridal-party passed. But the mother saw the Brussel's veil, the satin robe, the splendid carriage, the outriders, the white cockades, the wondering and envious village-crowd. She greeted her daughter as Lady Riskwell; she saw her drive away with her enamoured husband — what could the Matchmaker wish for?

The Rev. Gregory returned to his study, and the mother whispered to herself as, after the departure of her guests, she locked up the

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wedding-cake, "Thank Heaven! she *is* my lady, and *has* married to her carriage, and now I'll go and write Ellen an account of it all. Perhaps it may rouse her to make a good match too....."

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CHAPTER LXIV.

"See, winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme!
These that exalt the soul to solemn thought
And heavenly musing—welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail!"

THOMSON'S *Seasons*.

The summer ripened into autumn, and the autumn withered into winter, and still our exiles dwelt in the little Swiss villa to which they had repaired when first Mr. Lindsay announced his ruin.

Ellen had redeemed her pledge. Her love, her fond care, her cheering smiles, had made a home, although around them rose the dark pine forests, and the Alps gleamed in the dis-

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tance; although strange faces met their view, and a foreign language fell upon their ears; yet Ellen, by the magic of her woman's nature, made it all seem like Home.

True, there were comforts to be found in this little villa (which had long been inhabited by an English family), comforts not common among the Swiss—carpets, curtains, and here and there an open chimney, where they could burn the fragrant piles of crackling fir — a great luxury that, to those yet uninured to those huge earthenware monuments to a departed fire, known by the name of German stoves, which heat the head without warming the feet, and convey, to the unaccustomed, a sense of oppression, and even of suffocation.

English engravings covered the walls, English books filled the cases, and English ornaments and knick-knacks covered the tables; and it was a curious contrast when the fire blazed merrily, and the party sat by the hearth, Mr.

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Grunter reading "The History of Philosophy, and the Philosophy of History" aloud; Ellen, seated by her uncle's side, plying her ready needle in his service; Fatima and her fat daughters at her feet; and Screech cracking his Swiss seed, while Miss Tibby prepared the tea. It was curious to look from an interior, so completely English, on the distant mountains and waving forests, the hills covered with vines, and the white cottages gleaming on the bright green sod—all without so thoroughly, so indisputably foreign.

Annie, at her own earnest request, had been left (to complete her education) at a convent near Cologne; the lady abbess and her nuns having promised not to interfere with her religious opinions, and to allow her the free use of her bible and prayer-book. None could understand why she, generally so indifferent to the progress of her education, had been so earnest to obtain this permission, but

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so it was; and she wrote frequently, and seemed happy.

The inhabitants of Winterthur were generally moral, quiet, well-disposed people, but shut up (as the untravelled generally are, particularly if they lie out of the way of travellers and tourists) in a narrow circle of prejudices and habits. They were unaccustomed to strangers, and they disliked them. Customs — their own old hereditary customs — were their idols, and they dreaded any innovation. As their grandmothers had done, so they wished to do. Their manners resembled those of the old puritans, but unhappily the noble faith and pure creed which made puritanism venerable was not universal there. The Evil Spirit will glide in where Improvement cannot find its way; and, among these simple haunts, hermetically sealed against modern fashions, an odious and destructive spirit of free-thinking and an uninvestigating Deism was beginning to poison the only real fountain

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of peace, and to undermine the only solid basis of happiness.

Already the fine old church, where an earnest and simple preacher, who for zeal and energetic piety might have passed for Luther himself, delivered, extempore, the purest doctrine, was forsaken by many of the young, and a fashionable chapel echoed to the dulcet voice of a modish preacher, whose watchwords were Reason and Philosophy, not "Mercy and Faith!"

It was while our exiles dwelt among them that some of these "philosophers," as they called themselves, endeavoured to fill the theological chair at Zurich with a man who had written a work denying the divinity of our Saviour. It was a grand struggle, and one which History will record to the eternal credit of the Swiss peasantry and their poor but earnest pastors.

They rose as one man: the wild, half-clad, ill-fed sons of the district called Oberland,

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headed by their clergy, and in number many thousands, walked quietly to Zurich, and meekly, but earnestly insisted that a man who was to instruct their teachers, and their children's teachers, should not be one who could with subtle argument and hope-destroying eloquence rob beings so destitute of all earthly goods, of the wealth that made them richer than the wealthiest — their faith in a Saviour's love and a Father's mercy.

And they gained their point! A revolution, but a bloodless revolution it was! To their glory be it spoken, they committed no excess; they had power, and they did not use it. They obtained redress without resorting to destruction — great and beautiful model for all after-time! and the Socinian was removed from the professorship, and an orthodox divine elected in his place. And then they quietly returned to their poor homes, and nations might learn a lesson of those good pastors and their faithful flocks.

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Our exiles were much interested in this sublime struggle. Though averse to foreigners, there was a spirit of hospitality among the people of Winterthur; they had called on the Lindsays, and, among the *many*, our exiles found a *few* of those rare spirits and benevolent hearts which would redeem, not merely a town, but a race.

The languages were much cultivated among them, and many spoke English well; all conversed tolerably in French and Italian, and German (certainly not of the purest) was their native language. Mr. Grunter, who was orthodoxy embodied, argued with more violence than skill against the Socinian professor, and Ellen's gentle voice supported with resistless, though quiet persuasion, his noisy and often abusive arguments.

In Winterthur there was no general society, that is to say, the men and women very seldom associated at all. Their parties were all formed of people of the same sex and age

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(whatever their birth or station), in short, of those, whether men or women, who had frequented the public school, to which all are compelled by law to go from infancy to the age of fourteen. Thus the women of the same ages met to knit, drink tea, and talk scandal; the men of the same standing, to smoke, talk politics, and drink the sour wine of the country.

Thus the men generally (for there were some noble exceptions) wanted the polish women alone can give, and the women wanted that energy of thought and strength of mind acquired only by communion with men.

But to the pretty retreat of the exiles, the Villa, hidden by trees and shrubs, and within a few minutes' walk of the town, the more intellectual of the inhabitants of Winterthur soon repaired, sure of a warm welcome. Ere long the wives and daughters of the leading people claimed kindred there, and had their

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claim allowed; and, though scandalmongers shook their heads over their tea-tables, and prophecied that no good could come of new fashions, yet some good did come. The women saw in Ellen a woman, young, modest, and domestic as themselves, who could be at once the best of housewives and the most intellectual of companions; and some, whose minds had long soared above the domestic drudgery to which all Swiss ladies are doomed, took courage, and read, and reflected, and began seriously to fit themselves to embellish the homes in which they had hitherto merely plodded and drudged.

It was a very quiet and uneventful life for a young and admired beauty like Ellen, yet she was happy, happy even to rapture, in the peace and joy she diffused around her. As the winter advanced, the cold became intense, but, though very delicate, she never murmured. Augusta's marriage had grieved her, because

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she felt that it would distress Julian; but else, no thought, no dream of wealth, or a good match for herself ever crossed her mind. She had devoted herself to one cause, her uncle's happiness, and he seemed happy!

De Villeneuve often wrote letters full of deep sentiment and passionate eloquence; and welcome, oh, how welcome! let those say who have dwelt six hundred miles from that magic spot we call our home! And Julian wrote, but less frequently, but he was struggling with Fate; he was toiling to maintain himself, and to assist them. He spoke of Augusta's marriage with perfect calm, and his letters were become cheerful, and sometimes even merry.

Augusta wrote seldom, and with little but details of fashionable acquaintance, fine parties, and new modes. Annie's letters were short and unsatisfactory; but she pleaded her engrossing pursuits, and thus quieted the

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ready apprehensions of all who loved her; and things were in this state when the snows began to melt away, and Spring to dawn on the desolate earth.

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CHAPTER LXV.

"I dream of Love, enduring faith, a heart
Mingled with mine—a deathless heritage,
Which I can take unsullied to the stars,
When the Great Father calls his children home,
And, in the midst of this Elysian dream,
Lo, Gold! the demon Gold! . ."

The Sea Captain.

The London season had commenced, and La Zelie was to re-appear as prima donna. The *beau monde* was in a fever of expectation to see her again; and she, wan and wasted, vainly tried to rouse her spirit, and summon up strength and courage for the many-headed monster she had to face.

Mrs. Chester was still her chaperon; no change had taken place in her; she was of the

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unfeeling, and, therefore, the unchangeable school; she had a set of looks, speeches, attitudes, and occupations — whatever happened, she continued these; no events swept her along with them. She smiled, canted, chatted, and knitted, come what would; but Zelie was accustomed to her, and she would have dreaded strange eyes, however kind, more than those round, light orbs, which were like blue stones, so cold and soulless; for, to their expression, or, rather, want of expression, she was used.

She was lying listlessly on a sofa, placed near the window, watching the sunset. The house was in the Regent's Park; the prospect was so complete and ornamental, that it was like some remembered and highly-finished scene of a play. The windows of the white and gracefully formed villas were gleaming redly with the reflected sunset. The grass and shrubs were green with the youth of the year, and over the blue, still waters the white swans sailed,

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like proud and happy thoughts over a pure, young mind. The sunset was fantastically rich and varied; it seemed as if a city of the clouds was on fire, or, rather, had been on fire, and was smouldering away; tints of crimson and orange, purple and gold, floated far and far around the piles and masses of ruins, growing paler and paler, till they lost themselves in the clear grey of evening; and opposite all the splendour of this burning city, and its setting monarch, rose the moon, looking wan and dull, and out of place, like an actress by daylight.

Mrs. Chester was sitting close to one window, industriously knitting, and, in her character of chaperon and companion, occasionally offering a counsel, making a remark, or proffering an assertion.

"Well, it's a very fine evening, and I shouldn't wonder if we have a very fine day to-morrow."

Zelie, with "a glorious sympathy with suns

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that set," thought not of the morrow, and made no reply.

"I wonder whether any one will call this evening?"

"I expect my brother. It is very long since he was here...."

"Only a fortnight, or so."

"Only!....." and Zelie turned to the window, and repeated to herself—"only!"

"Now, my dearest love, you must not have that window open; there, your cough is come back."

"Oh, let it remain so; I cannot breathe."

"You promised your brother not to sit near the open windows."

"Ah, well, then, close it; but," she added, to herself, "it is in vain, and I might breathe the pure air while I can; I feel it will not be long."

A loud knock startled the pale Zelie, and made even Mrs. Chester's turban bob.

"Oh! it is that odious Lord Gripeall. I

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cannot see him, Mrs. Chester. I am not at home to him."

Mrs. Chester seemed not to hear "I am not at home, Mrs. Chester."

"Remember, my love, your brother thinks Lord Gripeall an important friend for you."

"No, no, any one but he! I am not at home. I cannot be at home."

"Nay, but I beg the lovely Zelie will make herself quite at home," said the squeaky voice of Lord Gripeall, who at that moment pushed in his crooked neck and red-veined face. "Now don't disturb yourself, I beg; I wish you to make yourself quite at home."

"It is rather for me to request you to do so, my lord."

"Ah, very good, 'pon my soul! Well, you see I do." And he stood upon the rug, with his back to the fire, playing with the swallow-tails of his green coat. "How do, Mrs. Chichester."

"I beg your pardon, my lord; Chester is my name."

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"Ah! very good, Jester! so let it be, a very good name, too, I take it! Jester, he! he! he! Court jester to the Queen of Song, eh? ha! ha! ha!" and his lordship laughed at his own wit.

Mrs. Chester laughed too, for she did not think a lord could be dull. In her opinion, a lord's joke must be a good joke.

Lord Gripeall, since last we saw him, is grown a little more grim; his eyes are somewhat of a more filmy blue, and his face of a browner red. His cheap, ill-made false teeth are grown very yellow; but he has resolved to keep his lip down, and make them do; this effort adds to the ugliness and baboonishness of his face.

"And where's brother?" he said.

"The Count is not yet returned."

"Well, we can manage to do without him, I dare say, eh?" and, extending a paralytic hand, his fingers covered with cheap rings, in which were set large and gaudy stones, he

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patted the wan and transparent hand of Zelie, as it hung listlessly beside her on the couch.

"I beg your pardon, my lord," she cried, reddening, and withdrawing her own.

"By no manner of means, divine Zelie!" and he extended his. "Come, what are you afraid of? I am ever ready to take beauty and talent by the hand, eh? Mrs. Jester, he! he! he! ha! ha! ha!"

"I am sure you are, my lord," curtseyed the chaperon; and then, to please his lordship, she professed to have lost her knitting-needle, and went in search of another.

Scarcely had the door closed, when Lord Gripeall, who for some minutes had been sitting, in a most *dégagé* manner, with his cheap but shining boots, and their very pointed toes, one on the fender, and the other on the hob (while he took several pinches of inferior snuff from a gaudy but trumpery box), suddenly rose, and threw himself on the sofa beside the pale and shrinking Zelie.

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"Come, don't be so shy, my dear," he said, extending his hand. "I wish to be your friend; I do, upon my honour. Now, why can't you believe me? I'm in love with you —I am, by Jupiter! You've made a conquest of me, and I'm come to throw myself at your feet."

Zelie looked up; the hideous old miser had twisted round his crooked neck to look into her face, as she stooped to hide it in her hands. He looked so ineffably hideous and wicked, that she uttered a faint scream, whether by accident or design we know not. But he fell on both his knees before her, and caught hold of her robe as she tried to rise, partly to detain her, partly to preserve his balance.

At this moment the door opened, and in rushed De Villeneuve, booted, spurred, and splashed, his riding-whip in his hand. Zelie rose to fly into his arms, but, weak from recent illness, the excitement overcame her, and she

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sank fainting on her sofa. Old Gripeall tried to rise, but the hinges of his knees were not pliant; after two or three efforts he fell back on the rug.

De Villeneuve haughtily assisted him to rise, rung for Mrs. Chester to attend Zelie, and proudly requested his lordship to follow him into the next room, as he wished to have a private conversation with him.

The earl tottered after him on his spindle shanks, feeling any thing but pleased at the result of his genuflections.

"Now," said De Villeneuve, haughtily motioning him to a seat, taking one himself, and tapping his boot with his riding-whip, "what has your lordship to say to me?"

"I.....Oh!.. ..ah!....hem! Why, nothing particular; I wouldn't detain you, by any manner of means. I'm very glad to see you back again, Count—It is....."

"Quite an unexpected pleasure, my lord—eh?"

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"Quite! I.....you.....ah.....hem! I'll not intrude upon you any longer. Don't stand on any ceremony with me. Is my fellow there?" and he nervously turned his crooked neck in its light blue stock to the window, "is my fellow there?"

"I should think not, nor any where else," sneered De Villeneuve, still tapping his boot. He seemed resolved not to let the earl lose sight of his smart but switching horsewhip.

"Well, adieu! don't move, don't stand on any ceremony—*au revoir*."

"*Au revoir*, indeed! My lord, I waive all ceremony, as you request it; and since the native temerity of your lordship's nature prevents your explaining to the brother the unexpected declaration you were evidently making to the sister, I (forgive me, you begged me to stand on no ceremony) *I insist*.." And he raised his voice till the earl trembled and grew of a pale violet tint — "I insist on knowing your intentions, and if they are not

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what they ought to be towards my sister, I insist on prompt — nay, immediate satisfaction....."

"I....he... she....him — I was only indulging in a little innocent amusement — he, he, he! ha, ha!—eh?"

"No more! no more!" almost shouted De Villeneuve, stalking up to him, and coming so close to him, that the coarse auburn curls of his lordship's wig, as he trembled with sudden terror, touched the silver head of De Villeneuve's whip. "No more of that! What you call innocent amusement, I call insolent familiarity. Unless you knelt to my sister to implore her hand, you have insulted her, and therefore me. That insult must be washed out in the blood of one or both of us; and I trust that you will immediately prepare to meet me."

"Blood! washed out in blood!" Oh! how the old heart of Gripeall trembled! "You have not heard me out, Count," he said, coax-

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ingly; "of course . . . I . . meant . . . to . . propose . . . . . marriage . . . to your sister, if I obtained her consent . . . but . . that I have no hope of . . ."

"Leave that to me; my sister's destiny is in my hands. The man whom I have seen kneeling at her feet, and *tête-à-tête* with her the while, that man becomes her husband, or my antagonist to the death. Am I to understand that you propose for my sister?—speak, my lord."

"I . . . do," faltered the old earl.

"So far so good. The marriage, a strictly private one, takes place, then, to-morrow. But now listen: though of a proud and noble family, I am a poor man; my sister's talent is my chief support; you deprive me of this, and that without preparation. To-morrow she is the Countess of Gripeall, and I lose ten thousand pounds; *that* I require you to make good to me."

"Ten thousand pounds! Make that sum

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good to you! It is impossible—I cannot do it!"

"Well, then, perhaps you will name your friend."

"Friend! Oh no, I have no friend!"

"Oh! some one will act as second for you. Be quick! my time is short. After our meeting . . ."

"Our meeting! It is against my principles . . . . . to . . . . ."

"To make dishonourable proposals to my sister! . . . . by Heaven, sir!" and De Villeneuve, lashing himself into a rage, seemed about to seize on the earl, when the latter hastily drew out his pocket-book, asked for a pen and ink, and said —

"Let it be five thousand."

"Sir, I am not to be trifled with . . ."

"Oh! no, by no manner of means."

"You agree then . . ."

"Yes, if the lady consents . . ."

"Leave that to me,"

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"Be you here to-morrow, and with a special licence. You will give me that cheque to-morrow, after the ceremony; so that is all. My lord, now *au revoir* to-morrow!"

Away tottered the crestfallen earl.

"That is well," said De Villeneuve to himself, rubbing his hands. "Ten thousand pounds—no bad day's work—Zelie a countess, and I free!. . .Now, to manage her! She will be more difficult than the earl, for she has no fears; no, I must work upon her love—Bravo, Alphonse De Villeneuve! Ah! my lord, it was an evil spirit that tempted you to fall on those stiff old knees. I'll call you brother, or I'll call you out."

It were painful to trace the arts by which De Villeneuve wrought on the wretched, heart-broken Zelie; suffice it to say, that the next morning's sun shone upon her, as Zelie, Countess of Gripeall.

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CHAPTER LXVI.

"My curse upon thy venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang,
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines."
BURNS.

The intensely cold winter had passed away; and, spite of the unwonted severity of the season, what with double windows, immense fires, sledging and long walks, amid the beautiful winter scenery of the place, it had passed happily.

Miss Tibby reconciled herself to the stoves, which at first she abominated; she soon found any kind of warmth preferable to a degree of cold, of which in England we can form no idea.

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With her room heated to excess, her knitting, her abuse of Switzerland, and her sweet reminiscences of Scotland and Donald o' the brae, she contrived to get through the long winter months. The old bear a monotonous life better than the young; bodily comfort supplies the place of mental excitement; and, when warm, and provided with her knitting, and a listener, Miss Tibby would sit complacently enough, declaring that the hills and the pine forests were "jist naething at a'," to what they were in Scotland; and, as for the distant Alps, "they were na worth the fuss made about them, but were jist ghosts o' mountains, compared to those o' her ain dear land, and na fit to hold a candle to them."

Poor Grunter, who had professed an intention of devoting himself during his retreat to writing a work, which was to be a sort of sequel to his "History of Philosophy, and Philosophy of History," had become in this cold region a martyr to an inexorable yet con-

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temptible foe to genius and philosophy — the tooth-ache.

Poor fellow! his philosophy was not proof against the attacks of such an enemy. When most severely tried, there was no peace in the house; he stamped, he roared, he yelled. In vain the gentle Ellen exhausted her ingenuity to devise new remedies; in vain he tried brandy, and laudanum, and creosote, and oil of cloves, and put burning poultices inside his mouth, and applied scalding fomentations outside, and wrapped his face and head in flannel. It seemed only like nursing the viper which stung him. He was in a frenzy. Sometimes the pain was dull and gnawing; again it was as if some small fiend inserted a red hot dart into his jaw. On one occasion a doctor was sent for, who advised extraction; but Grunter would not submit, and, in his agony, he was so much like an insane elephant, that the poor doctor did not feel at ease till he was out of the sound of the philosopher's

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yells. No one dared approach him but Ellen. Miss Tibby declared "the auld fule was demented;" and even Mr. Lindsay preferred keeping out of his way.

Ellen came to implore him to submit to the extraction of the tooth; he was lying on the floor, his huge body heaving with pain, like a Leviathan in whom the murderous harpoon had been plunged. His large head was bound in flannels; his lips were swollen and burnt with all the hot remedies he had applied; large tears were rolling down his inflamed cheeks. He was a living satire on his own history of philosophy.

"Mr. Grunter," said Ellen, gently, "I am come to entreat you to let a stop be put to this torture, which you have endured now two days and two nights."

"I have, indeed, endured a martyrdom, Miss Ellen, a martyrdom few could have endured."

"You have had no rest for two days and

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two nights," (she did not add, nor suffered any one else to have any, though so it was). "Take courage, dear Mr. Grunter. Have the tooth drawn!"

"Drawn! oh, no, oh, no!" and Grunter rocked himself backwards and forwards with his hand to his cheek.

"Do, dear Mr. Grunter. It will only require a moment's courage; and you have written so much on fortitude...."

"Miss Ellen," groaned Grunter, "of that fortitude I am now a great example;" and then, suddenly the pain increasing, he started to his feet, prancing about the room, tearing and stamping like a frantic bull; wildly tossing his arms to and fro, (even his habitual vanity forgotten in his now unbearable torture) so much so, that he did not remember that he was exhibiting before a young lady in an old scanty flannel gown, and his wigless head bound in the same unbecoming material. After several yells, which made Ellen almost

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tremble, (so appalling were they) the pain subsided. He sank down.

"Fortitude," he said; "yes, Miss Ellen, I have written on fortitude, and in bearing what I have just borne, I have given a great, nay, the greatest proof of fortitude. Yes, Miss Ellen, bodily daring is Courage, enduring patience is Fortitude. It would be bodily courage to have this tooth out. It is mental courage to endure this agony, and keep it in! I prefer mental courage, on which rare virtue, if you refer to my work, page 103, you will find an essay. Oh! oh! oh! what shall I do. Ha! ha! ha! Oh! oh! oh!"

"Then, will nothing induce you to submit to the operation?"

"No! it is more consistent with my theory to submit to the pain." He was again a little easier.

"Poor philosopher!" thought Ellen, as the huge creature rolled and groaned, and occasionally shrieked. In his contortions, the

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flannels came off his head. Ellen perceived that his huge face was beginning to swell.

"You will be easier soon," she said, "your face is swelling, the pain will abate shortly. Summon, then, all your fortitude, and get to bed at once. I will prepare you a quieting draught; I think you will have a good night, perhaps, many hours of undisturbed rest, and you will then awake free from pain."

"I am already easier; I am convinced that no pain can long resist true Fortitude. A coward, Miss Ellen, would have shrunk from this, and have sacrificed his tooth, because he could not have endured it. Ah! I did not write the History of Philosophy for nothing. I will to bed; I have battled manfully with the fiend, and I believe I have won the victory."

Ellen smiled. "Where is the philosopher," she thought, "who cannot twist his theories to his weaknesses, and his weaknesses to his theories?"

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Grunter fancied that he proved his Fortitude by his endurance of the tooth-ache, when a moment's real Courage would have freed him from the pain. Ellen mixed him a strong composing draught: exhausted by two days and two nights' ceaseless pain, and his nerves lulled by the opiate, he slept. Twenty-four hours of unbroken rest restored him to himself and his friends. He awoke at ease, and strong to argue on his recent exhibition of Fortitude. But from this time he shrank from exposing it to so severe a trial; he confined himself and his books to well-heated rooms; and Mr. Lindsay and Ellen were now alone in their long walks.

Ellen would have been happy, but for the distance that divided her from friends very dear to her! Mountains rose around her, as if to shut her out from the world—a six days' post is an awful distance for the fond and imaginative! How much may happen in six days! The hand that traced the dear and welcome

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letter we weep with joy to read, may, ere we read it, be for ever cold and stiff; nay, coffined.

Alas! for those who dwell beneath other zones—who have dear friends in the far East or West! what must be their fears — their wild and terrible imaginings! I could find it in my heart to weep and pray for all, whom distance divides from their hearts' treasures.

The hours which preceded the arrival of the post were passed in a nervous anxiety, which Ellen vainly strove to conceal; it blanched her cheek, and made her voice tremble. When there were no letters, her disappointment was extreme; and, when there were, her pleasure was blighted by the reflection — "All this happened a week ago! They were well then! Are they well now? What may have happened since? Where may they be now? . . .

Every week this feeling (fostered in solitude) grew more morbidly acute; and Mr. Lindsay, perceiving it (although Ellen never

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complained), was about to propose to her to leave Winterthur, when some letters arrived, which induced him to prolong his stay. One of these letters was from Julian; it enclosed a twenty-pound note, and was written apparently in good spirits. He said—

"Beloved friends! Here are the first fruits of my perseverance and earnest desire to send you some assistance. Alas! alas! how paltry twenty pounds seemed once! How foolishly I was wont to squander what it is so hard to earn! Ah, I know the difference now between earning and spending, dear ones! . . . . You ask me of my occupations—of my success. My occupations are endless, my success but moderate. My time has hitherto been divided between teaching and literature; and between them I have realised enough to keep me alive and out of debt, and to send you this poor sum. Ah, it is very hard indeed, unless, by great luck, one has been brought up to a good trade, to earn twenty pounds in London!

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"When first I found myself alone with Poverty in this great, and, to the Wretched, this awful city, I recalled all the great and influential people who used to dine at your table, dear father; and were so lavish of their offers, when there was no chance of my needing their assistance.

"I little dreamed, at that time, how much my groom and equipage had to do with the readiness with which doors sprang open at my approach. Alone, and on foot, I had often great difficulty in getting admitted at all. Then, after long waiting among other aspirants in an antechamber, I perhaps obtained an audience — received, instead of a warm shake of the hand, a cold finger at meeting, and a colder bow when I had told my errand. Then came surprise — intimation of the slight and brief acquaintance upon which it was hinted I had so presumed — remarks on the great competition and the limited power — evasive promises .... and then I was bowed

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away, to meet a similar reception elsewhere.

"Letters, and I wrote many, were worse treated than myself—they obtained no answer at all. Thoroughly disgusted, I resolved to depend no more on others—to rely entirely on myself—to have done with Ambition, and call Industry to my aid. I advertised, and obtained a few pupils.

"You know that I have a little lodging in a street whose merit is, that it leads out of that Gower Street we once so despised, but which I now begin to look up to; for we are all imitators, and here to live in Gower Street is to be Somebody.

"My tiny lodgings are tolerably clean; that is their rare and only merit, and owing in some measure to their being almost unfurnished: but the culinary powers of the one small servant of all-work extend only to blackening a mutton-chop, or parboiling a poato. However, even this fare, a poor and ravenous

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teacher 'disdains not.' All my pupils, whom I obtained by advertisements, promising great wonders for small pay, are in this region (now my world), but which we once deemed so remote and contemptible. They increase daily; but, alas! my funds do not increase in proportion! for, every week, I find in one family or another, some 'talented love,' to use the mamma's expression, 'brought into the bargain.' Had the army or the navy been open to me, I could not have endured this drudgery, but should have enlisted, no matter what my trials. *Mais on fait ce qu' on peut, et non pas ce qu' on veut.*

"The thought of your being in want, in a foreign land, silences the whispers of pride, braces the wearied frame, and urges the failing spirit. The few acquaintances of former days whom I have met, I have cut, because I saw they were about to cut me; all but Dashington and old York Sparkleton: they are still *benchers*. I sometimes see them walking in

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the Rules. Trouble has made them human, and I have spent some merry evenings with them in that prison, which I then thought would soon be mine.

"My literary disappointments would fill volumes. I have written tales, ballads, sonnets, essays, capriccios, sketches; offered all, to all the magazines, and had many lost, and all rejected. But at length a paper, which had been the round of all the inferior periodicals, and which I sent almost in self-mockery and despair to the leading one of the day, was graciously accepted; it made a noise in the world, and I am now likely to be a regular contributor to its pages. — *Vive le courage!* I doubt not, I shall now easily dispose, among the minor fry of periodicals, of all my 'Rejected Addresses.' The twenty pounds I send you I received for my fortunate essay. Think, sweet Ellen, poor, vain, conceited, empty Julian has actually spun twenty pounds out of his own brain, and figures respectably, at

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least, in the —— Review! If this has the result I expect, I shall give up my little daily increasing host of pupils, devote myself to literature, and begin to keep my terms at the bar. I have actually, dear friends, been reduced to having an evening class of little students, studying Latin grammar by the light of a small dip. The parents laud me to the skies, and the little ones love me, though I am their pedagogue.

"You will smile when I tell you some of my adventures. On one occasion, Mrs. Primer, one of the mammas, had a tea-party, and she told me that although Mr. Primer seldom mixed with any thing professional (he is clerk in an office), yet I was such a genteel young man, and took such pains with her darlings, she hoped to see me to her tea-party. I wished to decline, but found that, though invited so pompously, it was a great object with her that I should appear. The invitation was like a royal mandate; and fear-

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ing to offend and lose my chief support, I went.

"The party assembled at six; the table was covered with muffins, toast, shrimps, slices of ham, beef, and small circles of cut sausages. The tea and coffee sent up their fragrant steams; and, having dined on a bit of black beef-steak and a hard potato, you will smile to hear that I emulated the good inhabitants of St. Pancras, and never dined at your table in St. James's Square, dear father, with half the appetite with which I attacked Mrs. Primer's viands; nor was I singular in this respect, perhaps I alone had the excuse of so bad a dinner, but I never knew what voracity was, till I sunk in the social scale.

"'I hope you're making a good tea, Mr. Lindsay,' said Mrs. Primer. 'Don't stand upon ceremony; things *is* provided to be eaten, and, though I say it as shouldn't, all is of the best. Do make a good tea.'

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"Ellen, will you not think me a sad vulgarian when I tell you I complied with her request? I was an object of a sort of indefinable curiosity, for though in point of position the most vulgar of the vulgar set looked down on the *teacher*, they yet felt I was, to use their own expression, 'a cut above them' all. Several belles, with elaborate ringlets, gay silk frocks, very short sleeves, purple arms, tight waists, gaudy necklaces, and substantial feet, distinguished me by whispering my name to each other, blushing, bridling, and tittering when I addressed them, and always addressing me, the poor teacher, as Sir, while they spoke almost disdainfully to the other men of the party.

"The young men were the worst part of the set; the old are generally subdued: to me there is always something respectable, something chastened and refined, in the Aged. Women of every class have some beauty, some redeeming points; but vulgar young

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men, forward, flippant, illiterate, gaudy, yet unwashed, quarrelsome and rude, with them I could not associate; and, as they despised me for my poverty and my profession, I was more the object of their dislike and avoidance. One of my little pupils whispered to me the next day, that brother Tom had said 'I was a milksop, a lady's man, a beggar, a poor teacher, and as full of pride as an egg's full of meat;' whereupon Susan, his sister, had *flown out* at her brother Tom; had declared 'I was quite the gentleman, and a pattern for she knew who; that I danced quite elegant; and she was sure I should turn out to be a lord some day!' 'Yes,' retorted Tom, 'the lord knows who!' Upon this Miss Susan, much provoked, had struck Mr. Tom. A severe scuffle ensued; but, as she was the most courageous, it ended by her scratching his face, and carrying off a handful of his red hair. The little boy begged me 'not to tell,' as it was all made up; Tom

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having begged Susan's pardon, and promised to be very civil to me when next we met. Alas! alas! fancy my occasioning such a commotion in the family of a Mr. Primer, of Little Gower Street.

"One of the results of my success at this *soirée*, where, by the by, I danced with some city Hebes, was a complimentary remark from Mrs. Primer the next day, that she 'wished Master James held himself as I did; she was sure, as Mr. Primer had observed, that I must be a good fencer.' 'Do you fence, Mr. Lindsay?' I was taken by surprise, or certainly I should have *parried* this. As it was, I owned that I did, and she got me at advantage. 'Might I beg as a particular favour one little odd half hour, just to put James in the way of fencing a little? We should feel so indebted.'

"I rather unwillingly agreed. The lady, with many thanks, rosé to go—she returned ere she reached the door. 'You are a very

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elegant waltzer, Mr. Lindsay. My poor little Mary.....would so like.....a hint or two.'

"'I am willing to do any thing I can to serve you, madam; but I have some dignity to keep up as a tutor here, and I cannot risk it by hopping about for the amusement of my young friends.' She coloured, bowed, and retired.

"I cannot tell you, beloved friends, how I long to see you all again! to find myself once more under the sweet and long-disregarded influence of 'the Woman-Deity—Affection,'

> "'That only Eve, that never knew a fall,
> Sad as the dove, but like the dove surviving all.'

Yes, to be, if only for a few days, 'where the eye of the stranger shall haunt me no more.'

"I have seen but little of De Villeneuve. He has been in great distress himself, poor fellow! La Zelie is privately married to old Gripeall, and leaves the stage. Mr. Jobb drives two horses, so he is thriving, I suppose. Poor

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Fitzcribb is become sub-editor of the 'Hornet,' and has offered to serve me. Milton is grown a very fine youth, and poor Corinna has been in half a dozen situations, and is now at home, where Lord Madrigal and his Fugitive Follies are constant visitors. Uncle Gregory has often kindly invited me to stay with him; but I have vowed to accomplish a certain object, and I must be firm.

"The other day, an elegant carriage, with dashing outriders, nearly went over me in a crossing. I heard a scream — I saw feathers and black ringlets waving, and a lady bowed. She pulled the checkstring, but I recognised Augusta, and darted off at full speed. I know not why I fled so rapidly; it was rather to spare her than myself, for my heart, thank Heaven! is now free.

"I feel as if I had awakened from a dream, and a dream that I do not even regret. I am grateful that this change in my fortunes oc-

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curred before poor Augusta was mine; for the woman who could shrink from me at such an hour.....think what a wife she would have been, for a ruined man!

"I grieve to say that, from the slight glance I had of her, she is sadly altered. Her bloom and stately air seem gone; but, of course, she was shocked to see *him*, once all but affianced to her, careworn, splashed, and poorly clad, hurrying along, laden with books, and nearly run over by her equipage.

"I think she wished to follow me, to offer me any service in her power, for, even as I fled, I turned and saw her plumes waving in the distance. But I darted up a lane, and disappeared. A footman, in the Riskwell livery, has been in the neighbourhood, I suppose to seek me. I shall not assist him; for, though not too proud to toil, I am too proud to receive any attention from Augusta.

"Write to me soon, sweet Ellen. I often

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conjure up, in my little solitude, your graceful form, and angel face. Farewell, beloved friends.

"Your devoted

"JULIAN."

There was something in this letter which made Ellen's heart tremble with inexplicable hope and joy: her tears fell fast as she read it; and Mr. Lindsay was scarcely less moved.

"Poor Julian," he said, as Ellen handed him the note, "noble boy! Sweet indeed are the uses of adversity. But for this change all his talents, all his virtues, would have been frittered away by soulless pleasure, or corrupted by unconquerable idleness. He would have wedded one who did not love him; and wealth would have been his curse. I value," he added, solemnly—"I value, Ellen, this bank-note, the proof of his industry, his noble endurance, his stern resolve, and the pledge of his unselfish affection for us, more than I should

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a mine of gold. I would not change it for the wealth of a nation!"

Ellen blushed, as if this praise were her own, and retired to answer Julian's letter.

"We are very proud of you, dear Julian," she said, "and your letter made us both smile and weep. You have replenished our funds most seasonably; for we were come to the bottom of our last bag of *thalers*. Grunter has generously given us up all he had. I used to judge him harshly; I did not think he would have acted so nobly. I would not teaze you, dear cousin (you whose time is now so important), but a letter from you is a great delight, a real solace! We were much amused by your *soirée* at the Primers; I fear you have won Miss Susan's heart.

"The snow is melting away here, and all is green and sunny. We have seen, in this out-of-the-way place, more of the real character of the people than we could have done in a capital, or a town, through which travellers

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pass, or to which visitors resort. And I must say, that, although not generally a pleasant race to live amongst, they are yet a moral and intelligent community. The great defect of their social system is the almost entire sepa ration of the men and women; and the general devotion of all the energies of the latter to mere domestic and household drudgery.

"Knitting, the *lessive* (a great family-wash), and the performing for their children the offices of nursery-maids — to these occupations women of fine intellect and higher tastes are by custom entirely confined; and even at Zurich, the capital of the canton, about twelve miles off, I find it is much the same.

"I think I told you that it is the habit at Winterthur to keep up through life, by a weekly *réunion*, a sort of intimacy between all of similar age and sex, who frequented the schools together. I rather like this plan of refreshing old associations—they add a deep interest to the journey through life.

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"In England, how soon we lose sight of all who set out with us on that perilous journey! How soon, at the cross-roads of life, do the dearest friends separate! Those who climb the hills, and those who glide quietly through the valleys, never, perhaps, meet again. They have no place of rendezvous. Not so here: people do not grow old in graceless solitude, thus, doubly sensible of the miseries of Age, a jolly troop grow old together, and keep each other in countenance the while.

"True, this system could scarcely exist among a roving people. Here all the women are stationary. The fields, through which they were carried in infancy, see them bound in childhood, or pace, in deep confidence, whispering important secrets to the eager *confidante*, at that age when the harmless joys of the child yield to the dreamy, unreal, yet enchanting feelings and visions of the girl. In these same fields, as stately matrons, they lead their little tribes—and here, in age, they

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hobble out to sit in the sun and enjoy their impassive being. The same ball-room, where the girl made her first conquest, sees her, as a mother or a grandmother, watch the effect of her young charge's charms. Old associations, and hallowed memories, guard every spot; and therefore the people are enthusiastic in their devotion to their native town.

"Yet, we have formed some intimacies, some friendships. Our dearest friend is a Mr. R. S—, a man of rare nobility of character and generosity of heart, with a great taste for literature; he frequently comes with his charming wife, who would be considered very clever any where, and is here called the *bel esprit de Winterthur*, and his very young and very pretty daughters, to enliven our long Swiss evenings. Then we have another friend, a Mr. J. M. Z—, a mathematician, a linguist, and a great philanthropist, with a kind and gentle wife, of whose black eyes might be said, as of Byron's Zuleika's,

"'And oh! that eye was in itself a soul!'

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Madame E—, a very fine singer, once a great beauty, and still a very handsome and agreeable person. Madame B—, a very amiable person, and one who, spite of all the prejudices which would have crushed her talents, is a poetess of merit, and who has printed, if not published, two very pretty poems, on the domestic lives of Reubens and Rembrandt; she is a fair proof that literature does not unfit a woman for the management of a household, for, while cultivating many elegant talents, she is a better manager than any *ignorante* among them; and, finally, about three miles from Winterthur, through a most romantic forest, an arcadian valley, and perched on an almost inaccessible mountain, we have the inhabitants of the old Castle of Kibourg. The Count and Countess S—, distinguished Poles, devotedly attached to their unhappy country, in the cause of which they have perilled all. They are young, handsome, accomplished, and most hospitable; and they have two lovely

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little boys, with long golden hair, and faces such as Raphael gave his cherubs. One cannot look on these children without an inward prayer, that beings so beautiful may not always be exiles, but that Poland may yet be free, and their birthright restored . . .

"You would love these boys, Julian. They are indeed 'beautiful exceedingly,' and full of early daring, intelligence, *naïveté*, and affection. The elder, about eight years of age, is *already* his little brother's protector; there is a pensive grace, an almost prophetic melancholy, about the delicate features and earnest eyes of this child, which make one feel beforehand a deep interest in his destiny. The little fellow Isidore, or as he is called in fondness, Sisi, is a dear, consequential, merry, important little being, who fancies he can do every thing; so much so, that a very young and very beautiful widow having been seen by him in tears, at some allusion to her lost husband, he, with an expression announcing some

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mighty conception, disappeared, and when I next saw him, he told me with great mystery —shewing me a piece of wood he had been fashioning—'*J'ai voulu refaire un mari pour cette jeune dame qui a tant pleuré je l'ai essayé, mais cela n'a pa reussi, je crois* (with an ineffably pretty shrug) *je crois que ce sera un peu difficile.*' On one occasion, when he saw the great, tardy, Swiss Diligence rolling along, '*Ah! ah! ma foi!*' he cried, '*voilà enfin cette grande négligence!*' Such remarks—and he is always making them—from the cherub lips of a darling scarcely three years old, are interesting beyond all power of my feeble pen to describe.

"With the friends I have named, and our own circle, you see we have not lived quite the lives of hermits; we have had concerts—amateur concerts (for the German Swiss have the German love, and much of the German talent for music). It is rather strange that the most prudish of the ladies, who would not much like a party where strangers were invited,

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stand up and sing before a crowded room. Their voices are generally good, but they sing intolerably loud, and they have more science than taste. Here every one is compelled by law to learn music; a system that does not contribute to general harmony, and which is one of the absurd petty tyrannies of a republic—of these there are such numbers that I am now quite decided, in my own mind, that it is better to be governed by the one than the many.

"There are balls, but they are open to all classes, and therefore little suited to an English taste. I was asked to waltz by a moustached beau, of whom, in the morning, I had purchased an ounce of pins. They waltz from six till ten, refreshed by tea, apple-tart, and *eau sucre;* and then they retire to their quiet homes. The women are generally very pretty, and dress with great simplicity and grace; their braided hair and white dresses have a very classical effect, seated, as they always are, between the dances, apart from

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the men. One excellent regulation is, that all parents, of all classes, are compelled by law to send their children to the public schools, from the ages of four to fourteen. Thus, there is no Infant Slavery, there are no distorted, crippled little victims of Machinery and Mammon. The children are taught kindly during school-hours, and then their time is their own, for sports suited to their age. They are a lovely, happy, privileged race: and no parent, however poor, thinks of making a child toil. This is refreshing to behold; this is life's morning unclouded indeed.

"The general feeling towards us, and towards all strangers, is one of enmity. Miss Tibby and Mr. Grunter, from their quaint attire, have been all but pelted; and, when my father and myself ride on horseback (an amazon is a thing so new here, and so much disapproved of), that the people follow us, shouting and hissing till they are weary, and we are out of sight.

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"There is something very American in the manners of the tradespeople: they do not care for your custom, they will never send any purchase to your abode, they give little or no credit, and are more ready to affront than to serve you. It is the same with the servants. It is a place that Tories, like us, should shun; and, but for the valued friends I have mentioned, who have done their best to smooth all difficulties, enhance all pleasures, and reconcile all incongruities, we should have been extremely wretched here.

"An old grocer, of great *prétention*—(for he had attempted to visit us on an equal footing, even while vending his sugar and soap)—Mr. S., who had implored our custom, when we owed him a small sum, anxious to get his money, and yet not, by showing any distrust, to lose our custom, called on me, and, making up a piteous story, asked me to lend him ten pounds. I was taken in, and about to comply, although very inconvenient

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to me to assist him to this extent; but, on consulting a Swiss friend, I learnt that he was very wealthy; that it was a *ruse*, caused by distrust of foreigners; and that he meant only to get our grocery paid in advance. Convinced of this, I sent him the exact amount of his bill, and forbade his ever addressing us again.

"I mention this as a proof how much all republics, great and small, resemble each other in their effect on the feelings and manners of the tradespeople.

"Poor Augusta! I fear she is, indeed, unhappy! Alas! how could she be otherwise! We long much to hear from you again; and all unite in best love, with your ever affectionate and anxious

"ELLEN."

By the same post came a letter from Babie Douglas. It was written by the request of poor Grizzy, and dictated principally by her. Grizzy's forebodings had not deceived her—

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Grizzy Douglas was on her deathbed! Ah! what an inscrutable thing is a human heart!

Poor Grizzy! she had not been able to brave the shock: the Past had long been her world, and the Past was for her no more!

Moss-grown and ruined were the shrines where her fancy had dwelt, and now the unsparing hand of Truth had laid them waste. As she had said, the habits of her unventful life were broken up, for she was a being of thoughts rather than of actions. It had ever been her habit to rise early and pray for the Absent, perhaps the Dead; but she could not pray for the False—at least, not with her wonted prayer. Often she awoke at dawn, from her troubled sleep, and, by a sort of instinct, was about to rise, to kneel on the accustomed cushion, worn by those old knees, when the truth, the, to her, terrible and hopeless truth, would rush (as alas! at early dawn such truths ever do) across her mind, and she would lie down again, and close those once

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tearless eyes. But now an unwonted moisture was there, and murmuring to herself, "Ah! I didna remember; it was a' a dream. God forgive him! but I canna pray for him noo." She would lie awake, but quite still, till her hour of rising; an early hour, but one she never changed, hardly nurtured and self-denying as she was, until the fever of her spirit, and the exhausting nature of her inward grief, laid her on that bed on which she had so often dreamt such happy dreams, not of the Future but the Past.

And yet this old woman, whose heart at sixty-five was broken by a grief younger hearts are tough enough to resist, (are they to be envied?) — this same old and lonely being bore the gradual approach of the Destroyer with a calm and fortitude few men have ever shown. Her steady eye seemed to count the sands as they ebbed in Life's glass; her only link with the Actual was Babie; and her last effort in this mortal

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world was a letter to Ellen, which she dictated thus,—

"From my Deathbed.

"My dear Ellen Lindsay,

"Dinna start at the sight o' that place o' rest whence this is dated — to me it is a welcome one. But ere lang I shall have left it for one mair welcome still! I told you, Ellen Lindsay, that Death was in my heart. I felt a strange cold hand, and I kenned wha's it war; but I was unco strang, and he has had a warld o' trouble to put out the light that burned sae brightly, though in so old and worn a lamp. Inward tears, for I am a Douglas, and too proud to weep outwardly— inward tears hae helped to quench that light, and noo a' is well nigh dune.

"In these last weeks of waking and pondering, the thought has come again and again, knocking at the door o' my heart (and at last I hae let it in), that a' this, which has killed my body, has saved my soul. I see that lang, too lang,

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I was kneeling to an idol—lang, lang I was an idolatress, Ellen Lindsay! and Providence showed me o' what my idol was made! The shock brak my heart, but the light o' truth dawned on the ruins; and noo Grace and Faith, which despise not a ruined and a broken shrine, sit them down there, and a' is Peace, and Mercy, and Pardon. And where the creature was worshipped, the Creator reigns, and the Saviour smiles; so it is a happy change, and.....and.....yes, we must forgive if we would be forgiven. I do forgive Tibby Maxwell, and I send her my blessing and pardon, peace be wi' her! and may she see the errors and follies o' her flauntering life, and may my deathbed remind her, that her ain the hand o' Time is surely spreading!

"And now I have only to beg, that wherever ye may be, ye will suffer puir Babie to come to you. She will hae twa hoondred a year, and nae being used to sae

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mooch siller, she will need your kind and watchfu' eye to see she does nae thraw it, or hersel awa! Be a mither to her, for my sake, dear Ellen Lindsay. I die in peace, because I recal your promise, and your smile o' truth as ye spake it.

"I leave ye my journal—the journal o' a heart rather than a life—a disappointed, broken, but now happy heart. I ken ye will value it for my sake. God bless you and yours, Ellen Lindsay! and that he will bless you, I prophecy fra' that spot whence we look clearly into the Future, though the Past and the Present fade before us—my death-bed! May your ain be as happy as that o' your eternally obliged

"GRISELDA DOUGLAS
"o' Douglas Glen!"

A postscript was added by Babie:

"Dear Ellen,

"My hand is so tired with writing the above, and my eyes are so dim and swollen

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wi' tears, I can scarce say more than that if it pleases God to take dear sister Grizzy to himself, I will be unco glad to live wi' you. I have been lang deprived o' companions suited to my age and tastes, but I dinna complain. Grizzy has been a mother to me, and my heart breaks to think o' leaving her, but, after a', she is glad to be at rest, and it is my duty to be cheerfu', and do my best to bear up and enjoy life.

"I hope the foreign Count and Mr. Grunter, as weel as Julian, are with you. I canna say when I may be expectit; it depends on poor Grizzy's departure, and that is in higher hands than we can guide, but I think it canna be lang. Should there be much delay, I will write again; in the mean time, please to send me a letter to say where you are, and whether it is a merry place, as, of course, if ye see much company, I maun hae crape evening dresses made low, wi' short sleeves, and trimmed wi' bugles, to look a wee bit tasty.

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"Hae ye officers quartered near, and is Mr. Grunter still living in the hoose? Hoping sune to be amang ye a', I remain, wi' best respects to Mr. Lindsay and Miss Tibby, and kind love to Mr. Grunter, Mr. Julian, and the French Count, ever, dear Ellen,

"Your attached friend,

"Babie Douglas,

"o' Douglas Glen."

"Frivolous being!" thought Ellen. "Yet she means not that she wishes her sister's death. No, she is not wicked, but so weak, so childish, that I do believe she would chase a butterfly over her mother's grave, and deck herself with the flowers that grow upon its sod ..... Poor Grizzy!" and Ellen's tears fell fast, "for thy sake I will endure, nay, I will counsel, and, as far as I can, protect this strange, this antiquated, and most tormenting charge. Poor Grizzy! peace be with her! I will redeem my pledge, and do my duty by thee, so help me, Heaven!"

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That very day poor Grizzy Douglas died—died calm, happy, and acutely watchful and sensible to the last. Babie was in paroxysms at first; in fits on the burial day; and then, by degrees, she grew calm, and bugles and crape, bombazeen, black feathers, and jet butterflies, with her approaching journey, filled all her thoughts.

And Grizzy was left unmourned in her narrow bed; but the morning sun shone on the grave of the old spinster, who had so loved its earliest rays; and the green grass, and the daisies, and dear harebells deck the spot. It was the place of rest she had chosen in life. A yew-tree and a cypress overshadow it, but not so thickly that the moonbeams cannot sport over the headstone, and light up that name, pure as themselves. The summer birds sing among the trees, and hop over the sod; the sentinel owl wakes as to watch it at night, while the glowworm brings his tiny but sufficing lamp; and robin-redbreast, as if grateful

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to the friend of his race, (for Grizzy had ever a ready crumb for poor robin) robin plumes his scarlet breast there on cold winter days, and glances with his bright brown eye, and scares away the insect tribe. And it is a pretty and a pleasant spot; and there Grizzy Douglas now sleeps well—and, oh, may peace be with her!.....

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CHAPTER LXVII.

"A young lady decorously brought up, should only have two considerations in her choice of a husband. First, is his birth honourable? secondly, will his death be advantageous? All other trifling details should be left to parental anxiety."

The Lady of Lyons.

Augusta, followed, courted, and admired, was yet far from happy. Life had now for her no unattained object; either to be derived from her own mind, or from that of others. She had never known Ellen's exquisite delight in giving pleasure, in conferring comfort, or administering consolation. She had some affections, but all her sources of happiness were selfish, in the lowest sense of the word. She had no delicate and secret springs of enjoyment; she had made a good match; the

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mean ambition of a life was attained. Pomp, luxury, adulation, and respect surrounded her; she had nothing to desire, and she soon found that to have nothing to desire, is to have nothing to enjoy.

Her husband was kind, fond, proud of her; but he was more plebeian, more rosy, more pursy, than ever. She had become accustomed to his fortune; she had not become accustomed to himself. Whether he was disappointed in her affection, or whether he had some secret source of annoyance, we may not divine, but he grew silent and thoughtful, as Augusta grew sulky and ungrateful; and on the whole, neither looked the happier for their union. Then, too, Augusta's not all evil heart was peopled by regrets, self-reproaches, and sometimes in the silent night by Remorse; and against Remorse and her fell brood what power have jewels, and feathers, and cashmeres? Alas! the soft couch, the sleep-provoking chariot, seem but thorny. The lonely luxuries

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to which we have sacrificed our own self-respect and another's peace become loathsome. And Augusta often wished herself in such a cot as Mrs. Evelyn's, with a light heart, untortured by self-reproach, and Julian, no matter how poor, by her side, with looks of love, and blessing her from the depths of a grateful heart, for all she had dared, all she had sacrificed!.. Alas! alas!.....

When seeking pleasure, or rather chasing the fiend, Ennui, in her elegant and most modish equipage, she suddenly found herself almost driving, in her base and insulting pomp, over him, whom she had so wronged, so vilely sold, with his warm heart and noble impulses, for the fineries that surrounded her — sold, when he came in his deep distress to ask her to be the accompanying and atoning Eve of the exile of Eden, came without one doubt of her proud and glad devotion — when she saw him, pale, wan, care-worn, but how sublime, how beautiful, in his manly endurance,

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his noble fortitude! how awful in the withering scorn, which had replaced the once passionate love of those unforgotten eyes—then, then, she felt the desolation she had brought upon her own heart; then would she gladly have been a beggar by his side, rather than the owner of all that disgraceful wealth; then did her cheek grow white, and her heart sick; and then could she have seen him, have induced him to tarry, or to grant her a moment's audience, she could almost have knelt in the mire before him, to ask him to forgive!

Luckily for her, he would not hear, he would not heed her; her efforts to convey to him her proffers of service, and her expressions of contrite sympathy, were vain; and, after a while, she gave up the attempt and rushed into dissipation, to banish thought. She dressed, and flirted, and rouged her now-faded cheeks; and squandered her husband's money; and neglected and quarrelled with

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him; and was outwardly as gay as she was inwardly desolate.

Alas, for good matches, and good matchmakers!

But Mrs. Lindsay knew nothing of this. She saw Lady Riskwell's name in the papers, included in all fashionable "arrangements," "arrivals," and "departures." The beautiful Lady Riskwell figured in the "Court Journal;" her jewels, her carriages, were the theme of universal praise. But no one praised the husband; he was quite, as it were, and as Mrs. Lindsay said to herself, "taken into the bargain." But what did that matter? He grudged Augusta nothing, indulged her to excess; bore with her sulky, her passionate, or her peevish fits; and was a husband, (as Mrs. Lindsay said,) whom any woman might be proud of, particularly riding by her in his own coach, or sitting by her in his own crimson-lined pew.

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"Ah! Augusta—Augusta had more sense," she added, "in her little finger than Ellen in her whole body. Augusta would be a countess, perhaps, when Ellen was a beggar and an old maid—and serve her right!"

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CHAPTER LXVIII.

Crush'd was Napoleon by the Northern Thor,
Who knock'd his army down with icy hammer;
Stopp'd by the *elements*, like a whaler, or
A blundering novice in his German grammar.
BEPPO.

So let us welcome cheerful evening in!
COWPER.

The evening had closed in; a bright wood fire blazed and crackled in the little boudoir in which the Lindsays took tea. Ellen dispensed the fragrant beverage, "which cheers, but not inebriates."

Mr. Grunter, his large head still bound in flannels, sate in a high, black, armed reading-chair, to which a little table and lamp were

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attached, waiting impatiently the finale of the repast, that he might regale the family with an intellectual banquet from "The History of Philosophy and the Philosophy of History."

The reader (considering the great and encouraging success of that great work) may be surprised that no other has as yet issued from the old usher's brain; but, as he once said himself, "he wanted knack," Fitzcribb was not to be had at Winterthur, and no other hand could put the ponderous machine, Grunter's mind, in motion. So, not to resign the importance and mystery of authorship and literary pomp, he announced his intention, before undertaking a work even more stupendous in its nature, and awful in its results, than the "History of Philosophy and the Philosophy of History," to add to his knowledge of the dead languages that of the mighty mother of our own tongue, the living German!

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Now Ellen had a master; but Grunter did not choose to have reports of his progress (or non-progress) conveyed to his former pupil by a mutual teacher. So Grunter selected a taciturn old fellow, almost as crabbed as himself—one who gave very long lessons for very little pay. With this worthy Grunter was closeted every day; and strange noises, as of the German in wrath, and Grunter in despair, were (we grieve to say) occasionally heard by Miss Tibby, who was very jealous "o' the auld fule, Grunter, learning ony ither tongue at his time o' life, instead o' studying how to keep his ain in his head." She prophecied he would "bring on the bleeding o' his leg again, for his head was na' that strong, and, as Mr. Jobb was na' at hond, he'd, maybe, be carried off at short notice, and na' great loss either."

Poor Miss Tibby! had she known all, she would have had no reason to be jealous. The matchless difficulties of the German rudiments

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first bewildered and then floored poor Grunter. The skill in penmanship acquired in his usher days enabled him to learn to write the German hand; but what he could write, he, alas, could not read! . . . No toil and drumming of himself or his master (who once forgot himself so far as to attempt to give him a shaking, which ended in his finding *himself floored)* could instil even the seven declensions into Grunter's mind. And, seeing this, after much pondering, he resolved not to give up the master, and thus proclaim his inability, but to announce to him that the elements of a foreign language were beneath the attention of a distinguished author in his own tongue; and then to employ him, during the lesson, in making translations from abstruse German sources, which he intended some day to remodel, with Fitzcribb's aid, and give to the world, in a grand work, called "The Literature of the German Empire, and the Empire of the German Literature."

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This was a fine subject wherewith to excite the awe of Mr. Lindsay, the quiet mirth of Ellen, and the wrath of Miss Tibby. But it engrossed Grunter's mind, and put a few thalers into the pocket of a poor old fellow, who had scarcely wherewithal to buy snuff and sour kraut.

Well, as we have said, Grunter, having been engaged all day with his German master, was now preparing to be lecturer himself. He was glancing very angrily over his spectacles at Miss Tibby, who would have "jist half a cup mair;" and as she, too, wore spectacles, she contrived to repay Grunter's angry glance.

Suddenly, the unwonted sound of wheels in the lane attracted the attention of all.

"Who can be coming here in a carriage?" said old Lindsay, the thought of Julian busy at his heart; and the father's hand trembled, and his cheek grew red. Ellen turned

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deadly pale: she too thought it might be Julian.

"Maybe, it is our dear Annie!" cried Miss Maxwell.

"Perhaps," said Grunter, "it is Fitzcribb come to say a second edition of my work is required."

The wheels were now distinctly heard in the garden, and through the shrubs glanced the light of the carriage-lamps. Loudly barked the house-dogs without, and the lapdogs within. Screech set up his shrillest screams. Grunter murmured, "It must be so. A second edition of the History of Philosophy, and the Philosophy of History, required by the unanimous voice of the whole reading world."

Mr. Lindsay seized a candle, and led the way. All followed; and, with pale cheeks and trembling knees, hastened down stairs into the hall. The bell rang loudly; the doors flew open. Mr. Lindsay extended his

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arms . . . . .and playfully rushed into them—exclaiming, " Yer adopted daughter, Mr. Lindsay ! I'm glod I'm sae weelcome !" . . . . Babie Douglas ! . . .

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CHAPTER XLIX.

"Is there, in human form that bears a heart,
A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth?
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring heart,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjured arts, dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience—all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth
Points to the parents, fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild!"
The Cotter's Saturday Night.

And where was Annie — Annie, with her young heart full of its unhappy love, her Hebe beauty, which even passion had scarcely power to canker or to dim; so redundant were the health and bloom of the wild Scotch lassie, her warm, untutored fancy, and her love-taught cunning? Annie was now, by her own earnest

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request, among a kind, a wily, and designing set. It was De Villeneuve who had suggested to her, during their lonely conferences at the Covent Garden Hotel, that if she wished to see him alone when her family were settled in Switzerland, she had better contrive to be left for her education at the convent he named in the neighbourhood of Cologne.

With Love's omnipotence, Annie had conquered all obstacles and effected this. Here she corresponded with this dangerous man; here, in the poetical solitude of a Roman Catholic Convent, love grew into idolatry. Those about her, with their own views to answer, fathomed her secret, and turned it to their own accounts. Their object was a proselyte . . . and with them, the end sanctified the means. It was nothing to the Lady Abbess, the friars or the nuns, that a solemn promise had been given not to interfere in any way with the religious opinions or practices of the young Scotch girl; they really considered that

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a higher duty than that to their neighbour—namely, that to their God—called upon them to call back this poor lamb into the true fold, this lost child to the breast of the true mother Church.

Let this be a lesson to those rash and mistaken parents, who are beguiled by specious promises (never even meant to be kept), or if kept to the ear, to be broken to the sense, to place their young and impressionable daughters in the very circle of the enchantress. She of Babylon has forgotten none of her witcheries; as she was of yore, so is she now; hers, all that can seduce the senses and captivate the fancy. Music lends her mighty aid to melt and to inspire; painting to realize, and affection and sympathy to win — to win what? to win the young heart to the shrine of idols, to lead the young mind from light into darkness. Oh! what are a few foreign accomplishments worth, an accent, or a grace?—that for such flippery, parents, fond parents, should risk the

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pearl of great price, the religion of a darling child?

Yes, eloquence, and kindness, and music, and sympathy, were all brought together on poor Annie's wounded heart; and ere long the confidence which she had withheld from the fosterers and companions of her childhood, was freely given to a specious monk and a coaxing nun.

No marvel, then, that her affections for those once so dear waxed fainter and fainter; no wonder that her letters grew constrained and cold; no wonder that cunning and concealment were now her policy. At heart she was already half a Jesuit, and quite a papist.

Entirely guided by a monk, who was the ruling spirit of the place, a clever, endearing, and most eloquent man, her heart, her soul, her conduct, were guided by him. About this time, De Villeneuve came to see her; he was on his way to Winterthur — they met, as he supposed, by stealth; but Annie was a Jesuit

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now. She acted by the prudent counsels of a man who really took a deep interest in the fate and welfare of his young proselyte. Her beauty, intellectualised and softened by the life she had led, wrought promptly on the heart, or rather the senses, of De Villeneuve. He proposed to satisfy her scruples—a clandestine marriage, performed by a Romish priest—knowing what he supposed Annie, in her young innocence, knew not, that such a marriage between a Catholic and Protestant could not be binding.

Annie privately took counsel of her confidential priest, consented, and the ceremony was performed. For some days, De Villeneuve lingered at Cologne; Annie and he met privately, and he then told the mourning bride that he must tear himself from her, but that, on his return home, he would contrive to take her with him. Annie sobbed and fainted, and tore her hair, and beat her breast; but De Villeneuve left her all the same.

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Yes, he left his victim with a light heart, for he had, as he fancied, wrought her ruin, and now his very soul was at Ellen's feet. He was the bearer of a letter from Sir Peter Riskwell to Mr. Lindsay: when given to him, this letter was sealed, and certainly he had never dreamt of breaking that seal. However, "the means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done." The Custom-house officers at Antwerp had broken the seal; while De Villeneuve's mind was full of Annie, he never thought of this letter, when Annie was become nothing to him (as was now the case); in opening his pocket-book, the letter fell out. He remembered that Sir Peter had told him it was on important business. He looked at it, his colour rose, his heart beat, his hand trembled; for one moment a sense of honour and chivalry held out against a vile curiosity and a base and interested treachery, and the next he deliberately unfolded and perused the letter.

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What he there read we are not yet at liberty to reveal, but, instead of stopping to partake of the choice repast he had ordered at Manheim, he commanded post-horses, fee'd the postillions, travelled night and day, and arrived at Winterthur, on a bright spring morning, about a week after the appearance there of Miss Babie Douglas.

When, with a pale cheek and beating heart, he rushed through the beautiful and winding lanes of the villa where the Lindsays dwelt, he met Babie Douglas, dressed in fanciful mourning, with a black velvet cap, surmounted by an erect black plume, and decked with bugle tassels and jet butterflies, she was leaning on, or rather hanging to, the huge arm of the lion of the age, Ebenezer Grunter!

Alas! alas! shall we withdraw the veil, and shew that even philosophers can be weak! Babie and her puir twa hoondred have withdrawn great Grunter from the pleasant paths of peace and science, to lead him first along

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the flowery haunts of flirtation, and then up the thorny steeps of love! Yes, Ebenezer Grunter has left book-making for love-making. Weep, weep, ye Nine! and smile and triumph,

"Foam-cradled nphrodite, laughter-fed."

So full were Babie and her Ebenezer of their love, their "nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles," that the advent of the Count was to them of little importance, and they did not retrace their steps in his honour, but merely directed him where to find Ellen and Mr. Lindsay. He heard that Mr. Lindsay was at home with Miss Tibby, but that Ellen had roamed into a neighbouring pine-forest, which rose behind the gardens of the villa, and where she was wont, attended only by a huge, curly, red dog, a Swiss of a peculiar breed, to whom she was much attached, to sit, enjoying the fragrance of the budding pines, the beauty of the opening mosses, wild-flowers, and strawberry-blossoms, and the light and shade, which,

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chequered as through cathedral aisles, the vistas and archways formed by the tall, the slender, and the graceful pines.

There it was Ellen's wont, while Mr. Lindsay wrote or read in his study, to "sit in the centre, and enjoy bright days." Now, with "Shakespeare's self, she speaks and smiles alone"—now roams through the romantic Past with that great magician — Walter Scott! —now weeps and trembles over the mournful truths, the beautiful but sad philosophy, and the wild spirit-stirring poetry of that great mental anatomist, who, if he ranks elsewhere as the heir at once of Shakespeare and Sir Walter, has established, in those searching and most mournful papers, collected under the title of "The Student," a right to rank, as an essayist, beside Addison and Johnson.

And this casket of gems, which Tragedy might be proud to wear, these stars of thought, illumining the darkness of so mournful a night (for what else is life, when painted as it is?),

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Ellen had found among the treasures of the villa, and read for the first time. She had read it with delight both in English and German—rejoiced to see that the thoughts it contains, like gems of the first water, shine in any setting. It is well translated, and is, perhaps, in Germany, the favourite work of by far the most popular of our English authors, among that thinking people—one, in whose cause they nobly cast aside all national jealousy and prejudice, and love, and honour, with the loyalty due to the monarch of that realm, which is not bounded by seas or mountains — the mind. Yes, she had read this work in sight of the eternal Alps, which seemed to her pure and aspiring as the genius she was dwelling with. Here, too, she had first followed, with beating heart and quickened pulse, the exquisitely-told adventures of poor Jack Sheppard, and admired the genius that could invest his fate with an interest that makes that work the most popular of its class, and leads it in triumph through hosts of en-

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vious detractors, to place it in the hands of Truth, and bequeath it to all after-time. Here she had made acquaintance with the witty and pathetic Boz, while each change "of many-coloured life he drew;" fallen in love with dear Pickwick, wept for poor little Oliver, learned to loathe Squeers, to cherish Smike, to shudder at that well-drawn villain Ralph, a villain whom, with all his villany, we cannot despise (a great triumph that!), and to follow, in fancy, poor little Nelly, in her poetical and touching pilgrimage with age and want.

With all these intellectual stores at hand, and with a soul to feel and to appreciate them, Ellen's solitude had been cheered, like Numa's of old! Genius, omnipresent Egeria! a blessing upon thy sweet visitings!—a blessing upon all who win us for a while from this vale of tears, who bear us on the buoyant wings of their great spirits to grand or pleasant scenes, who take the prisoned soul and lap it in Elysium!

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When De Villeneuve hurried along the opening glade, and entered the forest, he distinguished a white robe flowing over the bright green grass, and a sunbeam, making its way through the dark pines, like Love struggling through the closing shades of sorrow and despair, lighted on the Madonna-brow and long gold hair of the entranced Ellen. Her guardian dog heard the step; she heeded not; he barked aloud, and pulled her skirt. She raised her eyes from her book, grew red, then pale, then red again with surprise and hope (for she had been long an exile, and he came from home and Julian), and then, rushing forward, she welcomed De Villeneuve with a joy which awoke in the vain heart of the Frenchman the idea that he was loved.

"Oh! come, come to the villa with me. Quick! my uncle will be so very glad to see you—to hear of Julian."

"Of Julian! I have not seen him for a long time. Has he not been over here?"

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"No; is he coming?"

"I thought he was here. I am sure he has been abroad."

"Impossible! if so, where would he come but here? Well, come home with me."

"Not yet, Ellen; this paradise invites me. I have travelled night and day, I have had no rest; let me sit beside you for a few moments on this fresh grass, these flowers, springing up as winter is gone, like the hopes in my heart, Ellen — these dark forests, that one sunbeam can make so gay as one smile can light up my gloomy life. Look, Ellen, how beautiful is this world! See how yon pines seem like an army of giants to descend the mountain, and encamp in yon plain, while others appear winding onwards towards the snowy mountains, that Fancy makes the giant tents of a race of Anaks! Let me rest here, and look at once on the great and the beautiful."

"When you have seen my uncle, we will

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return here. I will not rob him of this pleasure. You have never been an exile, or you would know what to an exile is a visitor from his home."

"Never been an exile, Ellen!—Oh, have I ever been aught else?"

"Come," and she took his arm; "my uncle will expect me; the post will be in."

"And what can the post bring you, that you so long for it?"

"Letters from.....from.....home, from Augusta.....my mother.....Julian!"

De Villeneuve was obliged to yield; he accompanied Ellen to the villa, was welcomed with rapture by Mr. Lindsay, and with great courtesy by Miss Tibby. De Villeneuve gave Mr. Lindsay the important letter from Sir Peter, which he had carefully resealed; Miss Tibby found a silent if not an attentive listener to her sarcasms on Miss Babie, and "the auld fule Grunter;" and, when Mr. Lindsay retired to read and answer his letter,

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she, while De Villeneuve ground his teeth with impatience to be alone with Ellen, entered into a long comparison of the demerits of Grunter, compared to the excellences o' Donald o' the Brae, and the faults o' Miss Babie, her coquetry, her folly, and her forwardness, compared to her own modesty, discretion, and reserve.

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CHAPTER LXX.

"Then did I seek to rise
Out of the prison of my mean estate,
And with such jewels as the exploring mind
Brings from the caves of Knowledge, buy my ransom
From those twin gaolers of the daring heart—
Low Birth and Iron Fortune."

The Lady of Lyons.

The morning after De Villeneuve's arrival came a letter from Julian: it announced that he had received an offer of a lucrative situation in the Colonies, to act as Secretary to a nobleman, and Editor of a magazine.

"It will be," he said, "an unspeakable pang to me to sever myself thus from all so dear to me, but I shall be able to ensure your comfort, to supply your wants, and, perhaps, some day to realise enough to return and dwell among you again. To accept this offer

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I only await your consent, dear father, and then I shall contrive to pay you a brief farewell-visit.....and depart, strong in Hope and the conscience of feelings sacrificed to duties."

Ellen wept as she read, but Mr. Lindsay's eyes beamed with paternal pride and love.

"Sir Peter Riskwell's letter had decided me to visit England in a few days," he said; "besides, I have, I think, found suitable tenants for Lindsay Hall, and I would see you all there once more, before I resign the home of my fathers. But now I would set off at once. Prepare all things, dear Ellen; let us go to-morrow."

"I have business of great importance to settle in England," said Grunter, nervously mending a pen, blushing, and glancing from under his shaggy eyebrows at Babie, who was playing with the black tassels of her scarf, and coquettishly holding her head on one side. "I will accompany you, sir, *Deo volente*."

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"And I wunna be left alane amang wolves and forriners," said Miss Tibby.

"Well, then, we will all set out together, and the sooner the better. We can call for Annie on the way."

The childish Babie was in a fever of joy at the prospect of this journey, with her now beloved and affianced Grunter. Preparations were hastily made, some tearful farewells taken of kind friends, and the exiles left the pretty and quiet home where they had so long nestled.

De Villeneuve's heart trembled a little at the thought of meeting with Annie — Annie, his victim—Annie, who believed herself his wife; but he trusted to that evil spirit which had never forsaken him, and to his boundless power over that unhappy girl. In the mean time, he left no effort untried to win upon Ellen's confidence and regard.

The weather was gloriously fine, and the journey a lively and most pleasant one.

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What with Screech, the spaniels, and the varied members of the family, old Mr. Lindsay and Miss Tibby, Grunter, and Babie, Ellen and De Villeneuve, the party was large enough to engross almost a whole diligence, and to fill the pavilion-cabin of a Rhine boat. All were in high good humour; Grunter had produced a store of ready money; and there is something enlivening in the mere circumstance of a return to one's native land.

But at Cologne a dreadful blow awaited our party—Annie had fled; the nuns had missed her only the day before; none knew what had induced her flight, or whither she was gone. De Villeneuve, the only person except Grunter, cool enough to advise, made every inquiry: from what he reported, it was agreed to hasten to England. He expressed it as his belief, from all he had gathered, that it was to England she had fled.

Mr. Lindsay, the kind and good, was deeply affected, for he blamed his weakness in having

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left her, though at her own entreaty, among strangers, it might be, foes. Miss Tibby was grieved, for she loved poor Annie. Ellen was miserable — and Grunter and Babie would, perhaps, have been more concerned for Annie, but that they were quite engrossed by each other.

They arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle, just in time to miss the morning post, and they had to wait till three in the afternoon, before they could proceed on their journey. They were in no mood of mind for sight-seeing, or for repose. Consultations, plans, regrets, and forebodings of evil had now supplied the place of sallies, and hopes, and glad prophecies. All Annie's good and kindly qualities were recalled and dwelt upon with tearful regret, and the uncertainty of her fate was a perpetual fever on the spirits of all.

After a vain attempt at a breakfast, to which, however, ample justice was done by Grunter and Babie, De Villeneuve, per-

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ceiving Ellen's wan cheeks and wearied eyes, proposed a walk in the pretty suburbs of Aix-la-Chapelle.

De Villeneuve felt somewhat uneasy, as he perceived a splendid travelling-carriage in the courtyard of the inn, and recognised thereon the Gripeall arms. Could Zelie be so near? Could she have come there for the baths? or, had the old earl arrived alone, to amuse himself and restore his shattered frame?

None were at hand, of whom he could ask; and he hurried on, fearing he might behold at some window the wan face of poor Zelie.

Babie and Grunter set out with them, but, ere long, in true lover's style, they contrived to lose sight of them, in a pleasant lane; and Ellen found herself, before she knew they were gone, in the depths of a beautiful wood, carpeted with moss and wild flowers, and the birds singing merrily among the trees.

"Let us return," said Ellen; "we are quite alone."

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"Would we were alone in the world, Ellen!"

Ellen tried to smile, as at a compliment, but she did not like the voice and manner of her companion.

"We *must* return. Perhaps there may be some tidings of poor Annie. Where—where can she be?"

"May I trust you, Ellen?—Sit down a moment, and I will tell you all."

"All! what do you know?"

"I know that it is possible, nay, almost certain, that she has eloped with Julian. He was long her clandestine lover."

"With Julian! Oh no, it cannot be! it is not so!" and Ellen started to her feet, pale as a young Niobe, and then sunk on the ground, mute and motionless.

De Villeneuve knelt beside her.—"Forgive me, forgive me, Ellen!" he cried. "I know you were not quite indifferent to that false and frivolous young man. But now you will

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drive his image from that pure shrine, your heart! . . . now you will do a tardy act of justice, Ellen, and recognise my wild and boundless love—a love, which has existed on itself, unfed by Hope—a love, which the ruin of your fortunes has but rendered more wildly deep! Ellen, I am noble, I am rich enough to surround my heart's darling with all that makes life graceful and sweet! Speak, Ellen, say that I may hope."

"No, no!" said Ellen, wildly weeping, "I am grateful for your love—I am sensible of your generosity; but my heart is broken—I can never be yours!"

"You can—you shall, Ellen!" He grasped her arm, and Ellen screamed aloud; for he took a pistol from his pocket, and said—"Ellen, swear you will be mine, or I am a corpse at your feet!"

He had scarcely spoken, and Ellen had cried—"Stop! in mercy, stop! I . . . I will . . . I will! . . ." when the pistol was

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dashed from his hand, and Grunter, furious with honest indignation, seized him.

"Shame on you to frighten a woman! If you cannot win a heart, Count, without these silly melodramatic pranks, why be content to be a single man."

Grunter was not a little elated at his own conquest, and felt a real contempt for De Villeneuve's want of success; he, too, had stolen into the wood, was playing at hide and seek with Babie, and had hidden behind an ample hawthorn-bush, when De Villeneuve resolved to try on Ellen a manœuvre which had had a brilliant success in one of his own little pieces, at *Le Théâtre des Variétés.*

Grunter still held De Villeneuve in his powerful grasp, when Babie ran laughing up, unconscious of what had happened.

"Whoop, whoop!—Ah, here he is!—La! I must tidy me a wee bit, here are sae mony people coming. What are ye doing, Ebenezer, dear, to the French Count? Come and

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hide, will ye, else a' the world will disturb us."

But Grunter did not move; he still held the indignant and writhing Count, who was pale with rage, and gnashing his teeth in impotent wrath; and thus they stood when Mr. Lindsay approached, and with him Julian and the lost Annie! . . . .

"I have found him! I have found him! my ain dear husband!" cried the Scotch lassie. "Ah! dearest, when you left me, I was sae lonesome I could nae bear it, sae I set out for Winterthur, where I kenned ye meant to gang, and on the way I met wi' Julian, who was going to Winterthur to see his father, and I tauld him a', and he mad inquiries at the hotels, and we found ye out where ye were. And noo ye will never leave your wee wife mair."

Annie threw herself into the unwilling arms of De Villeneuve; and all stood transfixed with wonder, when a piercing shriek was heard, and Zelie, who, from her dressing-room

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at the hotel, had seen and recognized De Villeneuve, and hastily followed him, pale, her hair dishevelled, and her eyes on fire, rushed into the centre of the group.

"What is this?" she cried; "have you deceived me, Alphonse? have you loved another? have I sold myself and my eternal soul for the vile sum that has enabled you to wed one who can never, never be to you what I have been? Is it for this I have linked my fate with yon vile dotard's? is it for this I left the balmy home of innocence, and toiled and made myself vilely great, to make you rich and happy? Bear witness all, I am not his sister! . . . I am his victim!—speak! is that woman your wife, Alphonse?"

"No; she is not my wife."

"Explain yourself," cried Julian: "you must answer this to me."

"I fear no man," said De Villeneuve, proudly. "To gratify a silly fancy for a forward girl who would not let me rest, I

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suffered the marriage ceremony to be performed by a Romish priest, aware, as of course the girl was too, that it could not be binding, she being a protestant."

"Ah!" cried Annie, "Father Eustace knew you then better than I did. But you are caught in your own snare, Alphonse; for a week before our unhappy marriage, I became a member of the church of Rome .... And now," she cried, rising almost into dignity as she spoke, "begone, unhappy woman! I am, before God and man, his wife; I am the Countess De Villeneuve."

At these words Zelie uttered a shriek, as if she had received a death-wound. The bright scarlet blood overflowed her pallid lips; Alphonse extended his arms, into which she sank. She had broken a blood-vessel in her lungs, and death seemed frightfully inevitable.

"Fiends, you have killed her!" shouted De Villeneuve, the "late remorse of love" awaking, as he saw the guilty but devoted one

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dying at his feet. "Leave her to me; touch her not; she is mine, all mine — and worth more, fallen and sullied flower as she is, than any of you proud and cold ones who would crush her. For thee, poor fool! who, aided by a wily monk, hast thus outwitted me; thou mayst be my wife, but thou shalt never see me more; and you, proud Ellen, once the object of my love, now of my scorn, know that I am not the romantic fool you deem me; nor would I have proposed to wed you, but that I still behold in you the heiress of great fortunes. To each and all of you I bequeathe my curse!"

So saying, he lifted Zelie in his arms, bore her to her carriage, which awaited close by, carried her into the very room where the old Earl was bending his crooked neck over his chocolate, and installed himself sole nurse, by the Countess's bed-side.

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CHAPTER LXXI.

"Away; the centred soul, in hours like these,
Daunts not itself with phantom images;
One voice alone is heard within the heart
We loved, and we must part."

The Death of Nelson.

"My poor Ellen!" said old Mr. Lindsay, "of what great fortunes are you then the heiress?"

"Of all the wealth of your love, uncle."

"And of mine," murmured Julian. "Ah! it is indeed a pang to leave you now — now that my heart mirrors your perfect beauty, and my soul appreciates your matchless worth. Ellen, I have long been enamoured of a Memory, but a Memory which will be my sole companion through my exiled life."

"Nay, if it is so, and you have enough,

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marry her, and take her with you abroad. You shall have my blessing, my children."

"And leave you lone and desolate in poverty, to which you are yet all unused? Never! Julian will toil, and earn wealth, and return to us. We shall not be young, perhaps, as now; but the hearts where immortal and true love dwells can never grow old."

Mr. Lindsay wiped his eyes, and murmured, "A blessing on your true hearts, my dear children!"

And Annie, Countess de Villeneuve, the weeping bride — Annie was now one of the party. Annie, loving as she was, had some womanly pride: and, though she would have remained with De Villeneuve as his slave, while she believed him true, she would not follow, like a spaniel, one who had spurned her, and openly preferred another. Mr. Lindsay insisted on her remaining with him till some arrangement could be made to bring her villanous husband to see that his interests would be promoted by his behaving well to her.

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Ere long, the mild arguments, the simple truths, and the quiet piety of those around her, won the poor child of passion back from the errors of that creed, which is so merciful to those whose sin is Love (witness immoral Italy! where the wife, the husband, the cavalier, and....the father-confessor dwell in harmony together, and where the latter, alas! does not pronounce his curse, scarcely even withdraws his sanction from a system of organized disregard of household duties, and of wedded truth.

Yes, Annie saw her error, and if "The monks were merry in Castile" when Annie Maxwell renounced her blessed faith, "The monks were woeful in Castile" when Annie, Countess de Villeneuve, returned to the pure bosom of that Church, which, if it will palter with no weakness, while the heart clings to its errors, forgives all, when the Prodigal, casting aside the darling sin, seeks shelter in her bosom.

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The travellers have reached Antwerp, and are awaiting the vessel which is to convey them to London. Ellen is hanging on her Julian's arm, gathering the short-lived flowers of a wild ecstacy, on the very brink of an eternal separation. Grunter and Babie are sporting "a wee bit;" Miss Tibby, leaning on Annie's arm, has set out for a tobacconist's on the quay, to get her snuff-box replenished. "Vandertonald, *marchand de tabac*," and a Highland image, with pink knees, red sandals, and in the act of taking a pinch of snuff, attracted her attention: they entered the shop. A tall Flemish woman, and a tribe of squinting, red-haired children, were there. Annie tried to explain, but the woman understood neither French nor English. In a moment, she threw open a door of a little back-parlour; there sat an old man over a glass of grog. She spoke sharply to him in Flemish, and, as he did not seem inclined to attend to his customers, she shook, and, as it were, pulled him into the

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shop. He was a man of about sixty-five, with one eye, a shock red wig, shaggy eyebrows, a portly person, and an air of ineffable conceit.

"What's your wull, lassie?" he asked of Annie, for her youth and beauty struck him.

"Wi ye jist gie me an ounce o' yer best Scotch mixture, friend?" said Tibby, presenting her box. "I perceive yer a countryman o' mine, sae gie me the best, and dinna charge too dear."

"The best snuff for the best price—I mak na difference. Gentle or simple, I have but ain price for friends or foes. If I give an ounce o' snuff to ilka coontrymon, or self-styled friend, their's wad be a sma' gain each, and mine a groot loss. I've a gude wife, and mony bairns, and times are heard wi' me in a foreign land, and I have kenned better days."

"Fra wha part o' Scotland do ye come, friend?" asked Tibby.

"I'd be after asking the same question o' yersel," said the canny Scotsman. "Ah!

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that's a style o' snuff-box I ken weel. In my younger days, an auld lady, the aunt o' a bonny lassie I coorted, had jist such a ain. Puir lassie! I'd be glod to ken what is become o' her, and o' anither, a pridefu' crater. They were baith flames o' mine, and puing caps for me. I was a bonny Heeland officer then, and pretty, flirting Tibby Maxwell, and tragic, noble Grizzy Dooglas, were o'er the lugs in luve wi' me."

"Who are ye?" shrieked Tibby.

"Her Vandertonald, in Antwerp; in Scotland, they ca'ed me Donald o' the brae."

"Donald o' the brae!" cried Tibby.

"Donald o' the brae!" re-echoed Annie.

"It canna be. If ye war Donald o' the brae, ye'd nae a forgotten Tibby Maxwell."

"Ah! ye canna be Tibby Maxwell, else ye'd nae a forgotten Donald o' the brae. Aweel, aweel, let us shake honds for auld lang syne. I'm glod to see ye weel, Tibby, though time has dune his wark upon us baith. I'm a morried mon, wi' mony bairns...."

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"And I am a single woman, for yer sake, Donald. Why did ye na retoorn?"

"It's a lang tale. Shipwrecks, and Poortith, and Sickness, and Disappointment, and, finally, a wife and the wee bairns. I was taken prisoner in America, but escaped to Europe; went through mony changes; becam the luver o' a tobacconist's daughter! .... lost my gude right eye by a hansel o' snuff thrown at me by a spitefu' rival; and, when my father-in-law died, set up for mysel. And where is poor Grizzy Dooglas?"

"Deed, deed, o' a broken heart, and for your sake!"

"Ah, she was ever a tragic, high-speaking crater. I feared she'd na survive my loss; but it was her ain doing, for a' that."

Poor Grizzy! had she seen Donald o' the brae at that moment, she would have laughed at her own delusions.

The braw wife, now thinking the discussion had lasted long enough, called loudly to Van-

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dertonald. Poor Donald! he was evidently henpecked. The wife held out her large hand for the price of the snuff; Donald could not bear to take it from Tibby Maxwell. The packet-bell rang; the old lovers took a hasty leave.

"To think o' Donald o' the brae coming to that! A tobacconist, and morried to sic a low-born hizzie! Aweel! aweel!"

Miss Tibby begged Annie's secrecy on this disgraceful *dénouement* of her long love-passage, and, strange to say, she after a while quite forgot her recent encounter with Donald o' the brae, and returned to all her romantic reminiscences, not of the old one-eyed tobacconist, but o' the bonny Heeland officer.

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CHAPTER LXXII.

"Oh, Mary! dear, departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"

BURNS.

The evening sun was pouring his slanting rays through the windows of a room, the solemn stillness of which proclaimed it the abode of death.

On a white couch lay the light form of a young and beautiful girl; a smile seemed to have set upon the lips, and the red sun threw a faint glow upon the cheek. But yet the unmistakeable change was wrought — Zelie was dead!

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With something of the natural poetry of fancy—something of the acquired love of effect peculiar to her profession — she had caused herself to be arrayed in the novice's garb, in which Alphonse had first seen her, when her beauty captivated his senses, when her voice, among the vestal quire, struck his ear with wonder, and he formed the plan of making her his victim, and a prima donna! . .

The Earl, who hated death, had left the young Countess's remains to the care of Mrs. Chester and the *soi-disant* brother; and De Villeneuve was now kneeling, alone, and in unbearable anguish, by the corpse of her who had so wildly, so fondly, so devotedly, loved him! And, ah! it is not over those whom *we* have loved, and cherished, and worshipped *in vain*, that our hearts seem to break as they breathe their last farewell! It is those who have *loved us*, cared for *us*, watched, comforted, never forsaken, ever believed, ever honoured, ever trusted, ever sheltered us!

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Death effaces all distinct recollections of the beauty that won our wildest worship, the wit that captivated, the grace that enthralled, yea, even of the intellect that dazzled ..... The memory of the senses, nay, that of the mind, is brief; that of the heart is eternal. Oh! great avenger, oh, mighty Death! the unloved, who have loved on, borne with our careless words, our cold looks, our pre-occupied hearts, and still planned for, cared for, watched for *us*, a day of deep and dreadful atonement comes for them; the closed eyelids have an appealing power we can never shake off! The ever-silent, placid lips convey an eternal reproach to our hearts. We may forget the being *we have loved;* we never forget the being *who has loved us;* and this is partly the cause of the unforgetting tenderness with which we treasure the memory of lost parents. While they yet live, often impatient of their care, their counsel, their tenderness—when they die (and we have none to

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love us so again) how eternal is the regret, with what a sense of loneliness, with what an unutterable longing the heart looks from the arid and lonely present, to the fresh and fairy life we led, when watched by the omnipotence of a parent's affection!

And so in woman's love!—when she really loves! However elevated the man she loves, however much he ranks above her in mind, fortune, station ..... her tenderness, even for the loftiest, partakes of the watchful, protecting devotion of maternity — the fearful, the ever-sacrificing, the ever watchful! — such is woman's love—such had been Zelie's love for De Villeneuve.

For the first time he felt that he *had been loved, and was alone!* He caught Zelie's lifeless form to his heart: its stony coldness chilled him. The Past, the Present, the Future, swept across his maddened brain. He looked again on that once fondest being. He deliberately bolted the door, wrote a melo-

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dramatic note, in true French style, bequeathing his curse to Annie, and his heart to Ellen, requesting it might be embalmed, and placed in a crystal urn in her bridal bower. And this was prompted partly by revenge, to wake a suspicion in Julian, that the heart thus bequeathed dead, had been coveted when living.

Ere long a report of a pistol was heard; the door was broken open; Mrs. Chester rushed in, followed by all the household. Alphonse de Villeneuve was a corpse by the side of La Zelie.

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CHAPTER LXXIII.

"See, my liege, see through plots and counterplots,
Through gain and loss, through glory and disgrace,
Along the plains, where passionate discord rears
Eternal Babel—still the holy stream
Of human happiness glides on!"

Richelieu.

The family were assembled at Lindsay Hall, previously to its being resigned into the hands of the new tenants. The Reverend Gregory and Mrs. Lindsay were there, accompanied by a poor, wan, broken being, victim of India, and a liver complaint; a widow, once the most brilliant and most beautiful of Mrs. Lindsay's daughters, and who had made a great match, long the chief boast of the Matchmaker!

Never had Lindsay Hall looked so lovely. The diamond river sparkled in the sun; Capricorn bounded over the bright green sod;

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Screech and the Macaw vied with each other in clamour. Never had the flowers looked so bright, the trees so green!

"How blessings brighten as they take their leave, Ellen!" said Julian, as they roamed together through the beautiful avenues of horse-chestnuts, the spiral and waxen blossoms of which rose from the dark foliage, like the ivory pagodas of a fairy city. "Why will not my father say that he approves of my sacrifice, and sanctions my accepting the appointments offered me to-morrow? I must decide, and leave you, Ellen. But, I have Love and Energy; others have made fortunes abroad; why not I? Will you wait for your unhappy exile?—say, sweet Ellen!"

"I will," whispered Ellen; and Julian clasped her to his heart.

And now they were summoned to dinner. An elegant banquet was spread in the large hall, the sun came in through the chequered panes! Sir Peter and Lady Riskwell had arrived, not in the dashing equipage of yore,

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but in an humble post-chaise. The truth was out at last; Sir Peter Riskwell was a ruined man. His speculations had long been failing; and now he was undone!

Augusta was pale, sad, and silent. Her rich dress was put on without one particle of coquettish care. Wealth and station had been her gods; she had lost them, and she saw nothing worth living for now.

Mrs. Lindsay looked from Ellen, in her blooming beauty; on her widowed daughter; on Lady Riskwell; and, in fancy, on the tomb of poor Lydia St. Leger; and then her heart asked itself what had her matchmaking availed? Sir Peter was dull and crestfallen; he had never had much but his wealth to establish him in his own opinion, or that of any other.

Grunter looked very important, and Babie and he kept up a succession of glances, nods, and signs. Ellen was so young when her sister went to India, that she had quite to make acquaintance with her; but Ellen saw

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that she was unhappy, and Ellen was familiar with sorrow.

The dinner passed off silently enough. Mrs. Lindsay tried to talk, and failed. Gregory and Grunter conversed a little on the design of the work of the latter, "The Literature of the German Empire, and the Empire of the German Literature;" and Julian amused them by an account of Mr. Jobb, who now drove about in his chariot and pair, and had removed to Bond Street, and a villa at Hackney. He had also news of the Fitzcribbs; Corinna Fitzcribb had corrected the "Fugitive Follies" of Lord Madrigal, and induced him to commit one of a more permanent nature. The old peer proposed to the young poetess, and was accepted. True, he was poor for a peer, but what was poverty to him was wealth to them. He was good-natured, and now the whole Fitzcribb family was staying at Madrigal Abbey, and seemed likely to stay there; for Corinna, in her prosperity, clung to the sharers of her former

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sorrows; and the bride of sixteen was the idol of the bridegroom of sixty-five.

"There, Fitzcribb," said Julian, "is engaged at his ease on a work intended, Mr. Grunter, to cut out 'The History of Philosophy, and the Philosophy of History,' the success of which has long been his bane. There Milton revels in 'Paradise Regained,' and Johnson in the 'Happy Valley.' There Mrs. Fitzcribb pursues her literary labours, nurses her young 'Shakespeare,' and has received overtures of reconciliation from her family. There Sappho leaps, not like her namesake, from despair, but joy. There Swift jokes and puns; and all his jokes and puns succeed, for he is the brother-in-law of a lord. And there Benoni rides a pretty pony, and his parents see his cheek grow rosy and his eyes bright; and the Past is forgotten, or remembered only that the Present may be the more keenly enjoyed."

When Julian had exhausted the subject of the Fitzcribbs, the cloth was removed, and a dead silence ensued.

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Presently Mr. Lindsay rose, and said, in a loud and solemn voice, "You are aware, my friends, that we are met here for the last time before I resign the Hall of my forefathers into the hands of its new possessors. This I do without one pang, for I know those successors to be worthy, I know they will comfort the Poor, cheer the Sorrowful, and console the Afflicted; for they have been tried themselves in the great court of Adversity, and they have stood that trial well—as I said before, I resign the Hall to them without one pang. May they live long to bless the day on which I yielded it to them! I will name them presently, and we will drink their healths. But first listen to an old man's tale; it has its moral.

"An old father had a son, an only son, and a dearly loved one; and, living with him, there were two fair girls, endowed with every grace. Between these girls he wished his only son to choose. Both seemed to love him; but he was rich and courted, and their love had not

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been tried. The son, too, he led a sorry and an idle life; he squandered time and money; and the old father, seeing him so vain and idle a coxcomb, began to doubt whether it were wise to trust him with the management of a fortune, and, with that greater treasure still, a fond woman's love. Now, mark! before he fixed on one of these fair girls, before he made his son independent, the father resolved to try them all, by that great touchstone, Adversity. He availed himself of some small and trifling failures, to pretend total Ruin! He went as a beggar with a beggar-son to the home of those two girls. The one forsook — but we will not dwell on that. The other, angel as she is, accompanied the old man into penurious exile; toiled for him, cheered, blessed, and would have followed him in beggary through the world.

"Meanwhile, the idle boy, who had sported in the sun, baffled manfully with the storm; he struggled, and he conquered. Deterred

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by no false shame, he earned his bread in honesty, and unaided. Here," and Mr. Lindsay took a note from his pocket, "here is what the boy, bred in luxury, earned in crowded London, without one friend to aid, and by the sweat of his brain. Here — here is a note worth all the Bank of England holds! Here is the proof of the son's worth, the son's affection. His merits won him the offer of independence abroad. He might marry, and bear with him one he loves, one who loves him; and the thought of the old man's lonely hearth has made him resign the happiness of his own.

"I need not name them! Julian, you are answered!—I never was ruined; and now I am most blessed. The future tenants of the Hall, then, are Julian and Ellen Lindsay!

"Sir Peter, your hand! I will assist you to the utmost. Sister, I forgive; bestow your blessing on the lovers; and you, Gregory, yours upon those best of children! Weep not, Augusta, all will be well with you. Mr.

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Grunter, I thank you for having kept my secret; and you too, Sir Peter, you have managed this affair well; but I suspect, from the Count's remark to you, Ellen, he had peeped into your letter."

Ellen looked at her uncle, to remind him of poor Annie's presence.

"And sae ye have na been ruined, after a," said Miss Tibby. "Aweel, aweel! I've shared your sham adversity, and sae I'll e'en share your real prosperity, kinsmon! Wi' a' yer tricks upon travellers, ye remember me o' puir Donald o' the brae; he was unco fond o' quips and cranks, puir Donald!"

Strange force of habit; it was not till Annie touched her aunt, and smiled an April smile, that Miss Tibby recalled her late rencontre with the old one-eyed tobacconist; when she did so, she bridled up, and remained silent.

Ellen was in the arms of her happy parents. The young Countess forgot her own sorrows in Ellen's joy: Augusta tried to do the same.

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"Marriage is a holy estate," said Grunter. "'Nil insipientius cœlibis vitâ.'"

Grunter was in such high spirits that nothing short of the Latin grammar could have translated his rapture, so it forced itself into the familiar quotation of former times. Babie blushed.

"It is indeed a holy estate," said Mrs. Lindsay; "and now you're come to the end o' your Latin, I propose the ceremony should not be delayed too long, for 'there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.'"

"Let it be a double wedding, Grunter," said Mr. Lindsay. "Ah, sister Lindsay, what match of yours can equal this of mine! Come, let us drink the healths of both brides and bridegrooms; and let it be remembered that, after all, the heart is the best Matchmaker!"

THE END.

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